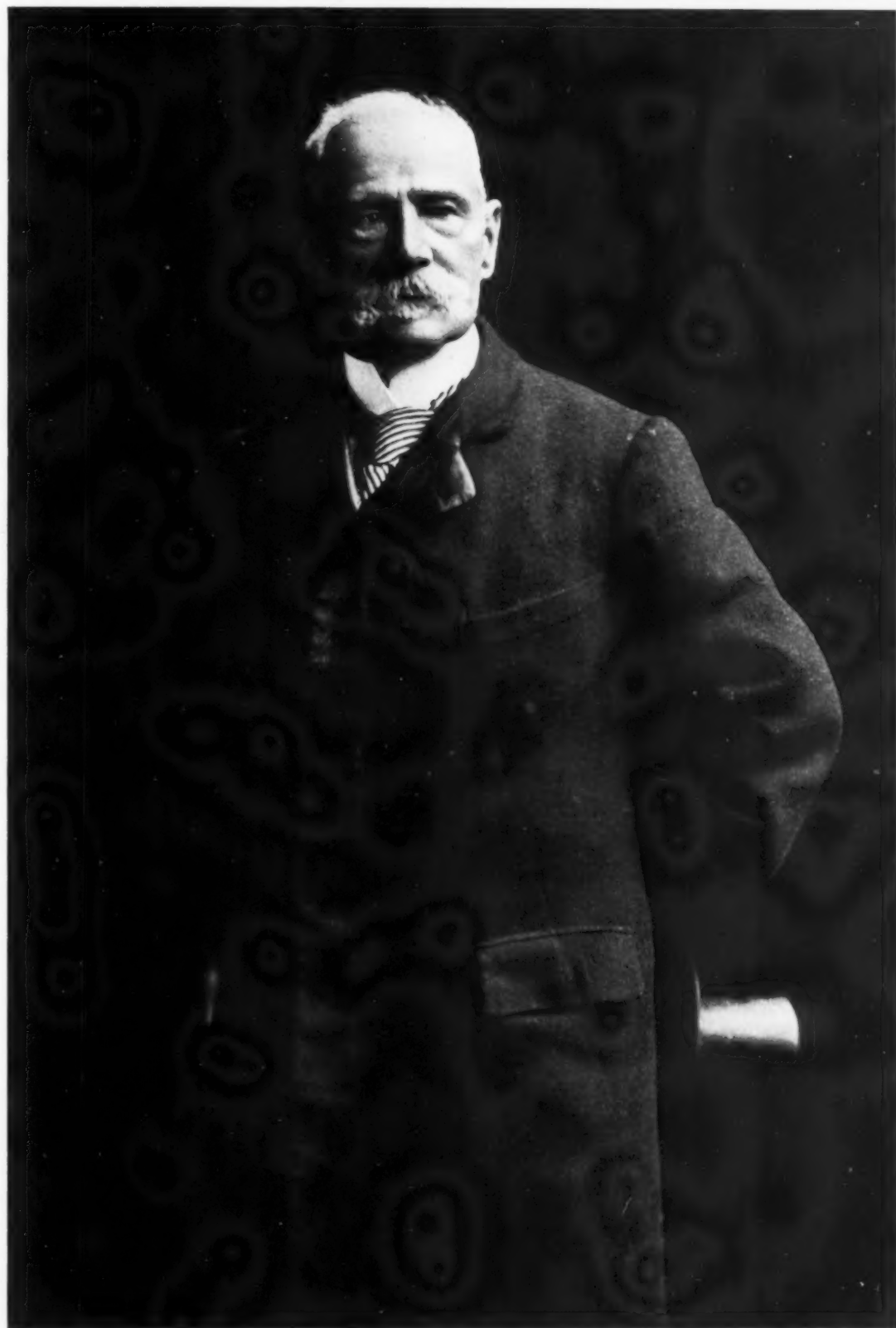


# COUNTRY LIFE

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FIELD-MARSHAL EARL ROBERTS OF KANDAHAR, V.C.



The Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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## THE CHEERFUL NOTE.

MR. BALFOUR made a much-needed protest the other day when speaking at the annual dinner of the Royal Literary Fund. He was in good form, and the speech was embellished with many fine imaginative pictures. It was itself a literary production of great merit, and its theme was the sadness of modern literature. Mr. Balfour pictured for us a man coming home after the hard struggle which the strenuous modern life implies. He is tired, worried and, very likely, a little sad or, at any rate, depressed. Now it is natural for one in that condition to wish for something that will cheer and enliven him. If he is in the habit of going out at night, it is probable that he chooses a music-hall for recreation, preferring it to a theatre because its live-y turns and freedom from moralisation refresh his jaded nerves

without giving him the trouble to think. Mr. Balfour, for himself, prefers "a book in a shady nook," and for choice one that will amuse. In the past great writers anticipated such a taste and catered for it. Most of the Olympians had a vein of humour that saved them from falling into the pit of dullness. Chaucer in his later years thought he had been too droll. Shakespeare was everything and, therefore, we need only pause to note his wit and humour. Dramatists who belong to the same period were not as great as he, and the falling off is distinctly visible in the heavier handling of subjects. There is no Falstaff or Touchstone in their plays. In the days of the Commonwealth, Milton struck the highly serious note; but Milton, like Dante, was a law to himself. At the Restoration there appeared a troop of merry dramatists who seemed to forget everything else (including decency) except that their business was to be amusing.

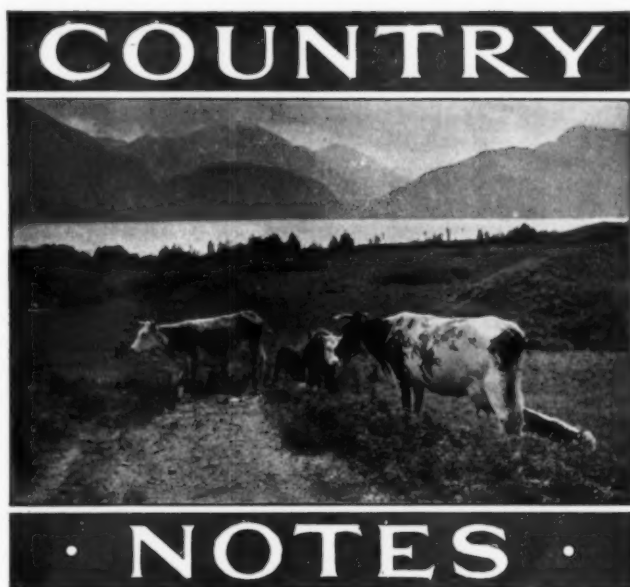
In the eighteenth century, when the English novel reached its zenith, all the important men that attempted it, with the exception of Richardson, struck the cheerful note. Fielding passes along with his urbane, half-cynical smile; Smollett goes into fits of laughter, although it is often over scenes not pleasing to the delicate modern taste; Sterne was as much of a humorist as he was of a sentimentalist. He was the only begetter of Uncle Toby as well as author of "The Sentimental Journey." Jane Austen must have written with a smile on her lips that broke now and then into a ripple of silvery laughter. The great Sir Walter Scott was greater than any imitator, simply because of that cheerful and tranquil humour which does not forsake him even when he is writing tragedy, as in "The Bride of Lammermuir," and suffuses the entire page in such work as "The Antiquary." George Eliot, Thackeray, Dickens had each a vein of humour, although in the case of the first-mentioned it was very often lost in a hard and bitter wit. On the whole, the great English writers of imaginative work have known the value of the cheerful note and have been able to strike it. Mr. Balfour thinks that the new men who are coming on are not so cheerful. He thinks a change in their mood has taken place during his own lifetime, and fears that it is becoming still more lugubrious. Of course, it is easier to be dull than witty, and the tragic pose comes with more facility than the comic. To interest, amuse and cheer the ordinary intelligent man or woman, a work must be true to the spirit of life, at any rate, and it ought also to be cheerful. Many influences have combined to make literature take an opposite course. The leaders have, in too many instances, gained their effect by the gravity of their affectation. The tribe of realists, for example, almost excluded humour *ex hypothesia*. The Russian school of realism probably owes its existence to Zola, and it is still more dreary than he is. Modern German literature, again, always has a trend towards the school of realism, because that school appeals to certain elements in the German character. Where it is not realistic, it tends to become sentimental, although Germany has produced two or three of the great prose-writers of the world who can swim easily in the happy medium. The French never lose their lightness, but it is vitiated to a great extent by a materialism and a play upon the improper which suggests that the refinement is a good deal on the surface.

If we take an extended survey over the whole world of letters, there would appear to be a considerable amount of truth in Mr. Balfour's opinion that the cheerful note is less happily struck now than it was in the days of his youth. His speculative intellect is the most likely that we know of to suggest a reason. Half a century ago there was a cheery optimism prevalent among intellectual people, a sort of belief that all was for the best in the best of all possible worlds. This is not so tightly held. Philosophy has widened and belief has become thinner and more attenuated. This is the day of the loud jest and of hysterical laughter. But in modern thought there is nothing which imparts that fine cheerfulness which belonged to an earlier faith. He will be a great writer who can bring back some of that brightness which has been lost in the sudden revolution of thought which has taken place in our day and generation.

## Our Portrait Illustration.

THE only appropriate frontispiece to this number, which contains an account of our Public Schools Shooting Competition, is the portrait of Earl Roberts of Kandahar, who has taken a personal interest in the competition and has kindly consented to distribute the prizes at Radley College.

\* \* It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



PARENTS and guardians who have children at the Public Schools will, we imagine, read with very great interest the story of our Shooting Competition which is printed in this issue. They show that shooting is taught in a most thorough manner at our Public Schools, that it is modern and up to date in every way. Even if the boys were never called upon to use a rifle in earnest, the training they are receiving in marksmanship ought to have a most beneficial and disciplinary effect. Not only are eye and muscle trained to work accurately together, but the kind of shooting described makes a call on the promptitude, decision and general resourcefulness of the shooter. He has no time to hesitate on the one hand, or to fall into merely mechanical habits on the other. He must learn to think and act rapidly and with decision. There is no other occupation of the school and playground which is calculated to have exactly the same effect on character as shooting. It is therefore very gratifying to have this indisputable testimony to the efficiency and success with which it is being taught.

Lord Roberts has in a very practical manner signified his approval of what has been done, and, in addition, has most kindly promised to distribute the prizes to the winner of the senior cup, the team from Radley College. It requires but a little imagination to understand why he should derive a peculiar pleasure from the result. There has been nothing finer seen in England than the picture of this wonderful old man devoting the period which others claim as a time of rest to stir up his countrymen and prepare them for any emergency that may arise. No doubt he recognises that the teaching and drilling of our Public School boys in the arts of war are as good a foundation as can be made for future defence. Yet it needs supplementing. Means have to be discovered whereby not only those who will be the officers, but the others who will be the men in the army of the future shall be in early youth trained to carry and use the modern rifle. In our villages and other country places there are many thousands of boys who are led into evil ways by want of occupation for their leisure. We see no reason why they should not follow the example set in the secondary schools. Let them be taught to shoot also. They are in as much need of discipline as any children in the country, and, ultimately, national defence must depend in a large measure on them. They present the next problem to be attacked.

No better suggestion has been brought forward for a long time than that of Mr. Churchill. His idea is that, since the patrolling of the home seas occupies to so large an extent the energies of the Navy, it would be well for each of our Colonies to build Dreadnoughts of its own which could defend the more distant waters. The hint seems to have been very well received in the Colonies, and, if vigorously followed up, would very soon create a state of affairs in which a war would be practically impossible. It is a fundamental fact, which even the Germans are coming to recognise, that the policy of Great Britain is one of peace. She has her place in the sun, and all that she wishes is freedom to make the most of it without interference from other countries. If the whole resources of the Empire were developed, this would be no menace to the peace of the world; but it would make any project of attacking England so utterly hopeless that no responsible sovereign or statesman would

recommend it. No doubt the expenditure would be immense, but so would the benefits to be derived from it. This is a case in which saving is not real economy.

Dr. A. G. Wollaston, it is interesting to know, is now almost ready to start on his new expedition to the great snow range of New Guinea. It is not very long since he returned from the previous expedition, concerning which we published accounts of the proceedings as they occurred. Dr. Wollaston was to embark on the 22nd inst. on the *Moldavia* at Marseilles for Singapore, where he will tranship to a Dutch mail steamer for Java. At Batavia he is to meet the Governor-General to arrange for transport, and he is going to spend about six weeks in Dutch Borneo. The Dutch Government is evincing a very keen interest in the expedition and is providing him with an escort of forty armed men. A feature of the outfit is a twenty-five feet long motor-boat, of shallow draught, which has been specially built in England for the purpose of navigating the Uta-kwa River, by which an attempt will be made to reach the Snowy Mountains. Dr. Wollaston has for some time been in England carefully organising and preparing for this expedition, and his friends are hoping to have good results from it. It is a very difficult country, involving ascents over very high precipices and across country which up to the present is absolutely unknown.

Letters from abroad often bring a pleasant surprise to *COUNTRY LIFE*, and there is an excellent example in this week's issue. A correspondent at Shanghai sends us a photograph of a cabinet which shows what it is possible for an intelligent and industrious Celestial to accomplish. The cabinet is modelled upon one in Lord Brownlow's collection, of which we showed a coloured illustration in our issue of September 9th, 1911. The Chinese carpenter had nothing but this picture to work from, yet in the course of four months of labour he has turned out a very creditable reproduction of it. Our correspondent says that it is made of teak polished mahogany colour, and is inlaid with white tea-wood. The poet says: "Full many a barb at random sent finds mark the archer never meant." It is very pleasant to get such mementoes from abroad, and it must be admitted that our correspondents are very generous in sending them. In this same number two sportsmen from the Zambesi have combined to send a most interesting letter on the fishing there; another correspondent sends us a picture of an Indian Princess driving two Shetland ponies tandem; and the account of falconry in Turkestan carries with it such an impression of jolly mediæval days that it will enchant even those who are not particularly interested in the sport.

#### "DIANA OF THE UPLANDS."

(By the late C. W. Furse, A.R.A.)

Not with her nymphs, by some cool shadowed pool  
Where Pan, goat-footed, lurks among the reeds  
Piping his love, nor yet with valiant deeds  
Hunting the deer in glades of forest cool!  
Out on the English Uplands—keen, sweet face  
Wind-tumbled hair, uncreased-shaded eyes;  
Feet deep in bracken, braving storm-swept skies  
Diana! Huntress! Eager for the Chase.

Yet one there is who, as the Latmian,  
Sleeps deep, with youth untouched, and dreams unstirred  
By noise of Chase, or song of dawn-waked bird  
Greeting the day. A new Endymion!  
Silence the horns! Forsake the Hunting-ground!  
Once more the Gods have loved—His sleep is sound.

R. E. CROWDY.

Another, and let us hope a final, episode has been added to the history of the famous Tattershall fireplaces. Ravished from their setting by rude hands, it will be remembered they were carted away, and, it is said, stored in a London warehouse. The rumours that they had been purchased by an American millionaire "made themselves thin air into which they vanished" like the witches on the heath. Lord Curzon of Kedleston, who purchased the castle, is now able to announce that "with the assistance of a number of generous lovers of antiquity in the county of Lincoln" he has been able to recover the lost treasures, and when the restoration work now going on at the castle is sufficiently advanced for the purpose, the Tattershall fireplaces will be put back into the position for which they were originally intended. Thus the tale is likely to have a happier ending than was at one time expected. It is true the fireplaces, after being pulled roughly down and re-set up, will not be exactly the same again, but better have them in this form than lose them altogether. One good result is that their



removal had the effect of directing serious attention to the preservation of historical buildings in Great Britain.

After long labour, the International Horticultural Show has at last been realised, and it proves to be something greater than was at first imagined. A vast number of exhibits, a meeting of gardeners from all parts of the world, a friendly rivalry between nations long famous for their horticulture, opportunities for conference on the educational and other aspects of gardening—these are some of the things that make the event memorable. As we write, the exhibition is in that initial stage when the workman's hammer is busy and the arrangement of exhibits is still in its crude beginning. But before this number is in the hands of our readers, we have no doubt that such order will have been produced out of the chaos as will give visitors an opportunity of examining in their proper place and setting the wonderful exhibits which have been arriving in London for some time past. Unfortunately, a flower show is ephemeral in its character, and it will not be possible to prolong this show to the period usually devoted to International exhibitions. It is a matter of great skill to keep flowers up to their best form even in their natural position in the garden; but it would be much more difficult to do so within the confines of an exhibition. Those who wish to see this fine show will therefore draw the obvious moral and go at once.

It is rather a curious thing that just at this time, when women are claiming equality on so many different points with men, such as votes for Parliamentary representation and opportunity for entering the professions which used to be considered closed to them, there are many of the rustic occupations that were at one period rather the peculiar province of women which they are now forsaking. In some of the May "hiring statutes," as they are called, which are still held in certain parts of the country, it is stated that while domestic servants in general were scarce, such a servant as a milkmaid was virtually not to be found. Girls seem to be forsaking this occupation altogether as beneath their dignity or their delicacy; at all events, the class of milkmaid seems to be growing extinct. All over the country we find the women less and less disposed to fill the part that they used to take in agricultural and other open-air work. In Scotland we still see them, in their big sun-bonnets, out in the fields; but it is becoming constantly less common to see them so engaged in England. It is possible that they find better employment; but of the fact that they leave more of the field and farm work to the men than they used to there is no doubt whatever.

The May-fly has come up in its own month this year instead of in June, which is the most common month for its appearance in these latter days. It has been up and, on some rivers at all events, trout have been taking it rather better than it was to be expected they would after the droughty conditions that prevailed so long before it appeared. Things connected with angling are early with us this year, and there is every prospect, from the news about the snow and ice, that they will be early in Norway also. So tenants of Scandinavian fishings should be on their beat betimes. For some years there has been a theory that the movements of salmon, perhaps merely as followers of the herring shoals on which they prey in the sea, are influenced by the movements of the Arctic ice. How entirely abnormal the movements of the ice have been in the past spring has been brought home to us by calamitous experience, and if there is anything in the theory that the coming and going of the herrings and the salmon are affected by it, both the herring fleet and the salmon-fisher ought to find something abnormal, whether for better or worse, in the actions of their respective quarry this year.

The small motor, with its cheapness both in initial cost and in subsequent running expenses, seems to be modifying the habits of the young men of the richer classes rather in the same direction as habits have been modified in some countries by a horse being always ready at the door. Thus, in the West of America, for example, in the horse-ranch districts, it is said, of course with some of the extravagant humour which is characteristic of the West, that people are losing the faculty of walking as well as the habit, preferring to mount a horse and ride, though the distance they are going is no more than a quarter of a mile. In the same way we find many of our young men with a journey of half a mile or so before them going round to the garage and getting out the little motor, which they drive themselves—possibly which they also clean and generally look after themselves—and so accomplishing the performance that, in former years, they would have done on foot or, by the laziest

calculation, on a bicycle. No doubt it saves them a deal of time, but very often these are young men to whom it is the most serious of their life problems how to spend their time.

We are all so much interested in the Post Office that no apology is needed for making an analysis from the business point of view of the annual statement made in Parliament by the Postmaster-General. To take the Telegraph Service first. There are two reforms promised by Mr. Herbert Samuel. One of these is to come into operation on June 1st. It is what is called, in regard to cables, "deferred delivery." That is, it will be possible to despatch telegrams at a cheap rate during the night hours for delivery in the morning. This will be done wherever there is a night staff. The other is less important, but, as Mr. Samuel says, it removes a cause of irritation. A reply-paid form under the present system becomes null after two months; this period is to be extended to twelve months. He foreshadowed a third reform as being a possibility of the future. This is the introduction of a system, meant for the benefit of business men, by which, at a cost of three times the ordinary rate, telegrams for abroad will receive priority over others. In connection with this meditated telegraphic reform, it may be mentioned that Mr. Herbert Samuel is endeavouring to reduce the postage rate for parcels sent abroad, and he hopes to get this done in the course of a few weeks.

In regard to the telephone system, Mr. Herbert Samuel did not disguise the fact that there has been a considerable muddle. The National Telephone Company, when it became certain that the Post Office would take it over, adopted the policy, for which one cannot blame them, of curtailing their capital expenditure. In consequence, the Government had many arrears to make up, and this has kept them extremely busy ever since. Even now it has not been ascertained what the expense of taking over the National Telephone service amounts to, and therefore the Postmaster-General cannot say whether a revision of the rates will be possible or not. He admitted that the transfer had led to a deterioration of the service in London, but stated that strenuous efforts were being made to effect a remedy. One of these is to employ a sort of supervisor over every eight or ten operators. It is the business of this functionary to take note of the time which is taken for a call, and warnings have also been issued to the operators not to give the signal "Engaged" until they are perfectly sure that the line is in use.

#### COME EARLY, CUCKOO.

Come early, Cuckoo, patient bird,  
And on thy three-stringed viol strum;  
Come early, Cuckoo; thou art heard,  
And no man doubts that spring hath come;  
Tune thy two strings and break the third.

Come seldom, Cuckoo, welcome guest  
Who wear'st thy welcome out too soon;  
Usurper of the small bird's nest,  
Thou art well paid for thy one tune.  
Now get thee gone, thou weariest.

VIVIAN LOCKE ELLIS.

The present spring and early summer have been remarkable for the abundance and beauty of the blossom of many of our native trees and shrubs, and yet more so for the flowering of some exotic species, which very seldom come to bloom in this climate. The reason is probably the warmth that stimulated their energies last summer and has not been checked by any length of cold weather in the winter. An exception to the general rule, that the flowering shrubs have done more than commonly well, is shown in some of the lilacs; but that is the case in some gardens only, and does not seem anywhere to apply to the beautiful white variety of the lilac. The enemy of the common lilac is the bullfinch, which takes the buds of this tree almost in preference to fruit-tree buds. It does not appear to care for the white lilac, making the same distinction as the mice appear to make between the bulbs of crocuses of different colour. The wild flowering trees, such as the white and pink Mays, are no less unusual in their bloom than the garden trees and shrubs, and the horse-chestnuts have borne gloriously large clusters of blossom.

British yachtsmen observe with a great deal of satisfaction the great progress which Germany continues to make in a pastime which had its exclusive home in this country not so very many years ago. They recognise that, although Germany has come



rather late into the sport, she is already taking a leading place in it, thanks largely to the enthusiasm of the Kaiser, whose German-designed Meteor IV. has been so successful the last two or three years. When Englishmen are surpassed in a form of sport, they have, of course, the consolation that it is impossible to keep ahead in everything at the same time. If young men become passionately addicted to golf, there must be fewer yachtsmen. Cricket and other pastimes also absorb many who might otherwise take to sailing. But all this adds to rather than detracts from the glory of the Kieler Woche, which has now become one of the most celebrated yachting weeks in Europe. It extends from June 20th to 27th, and there will be an International yachting festival on June 26th and 27th. It will be interesting to see if the Germans are able to keep up to the high standard they have set for themselves.

An important contribution to our knowledge of the fauna and flora of the Antarctic area has been made by the monumental report on the natural history results of Captain Scott's first expedition to the South Polar regions, which has just been completed and published by the authorities of the Natural History Museum. It is now nearly eight years since the *s.s.* Discovery returned home from that expedition, bringing large collections of animals, plants and minerals. This vast mass of

material was deposited in the national museum at South Kensington, where all the specimens wanted have found a permanent home. The task of distributing these among the forty-five specialists who have assisted in working out the collections must have been no easy one, and the fifty illustrated memoirs which go to make up "the Report," contained in six large quarto volumes, sufficiently indicate the wide field and elaborate nature of the work.

The Antarctic region, instead of being, as one might imagine, from its inhospitable climate, almost devoid of life, teems with species, of which two hundred and twenty-seven new forms are described in these volumes. There is little, if any, resemblance between the faunas of the North and South Poles, which is not surprising, since we are told that there are striking differences between the fauna of the Antarctic area explored by English and that examined by French, German and Swedish expeditions. This fact lends additional interest to the collections obtained by Captain Scott's present venture, and naturalists must be looking forward with zest to the harvest that the Terra Nova will bring home next year. The authorities at South Kensington, fortunately, have been able to complete and publish the results of the Discovery expedition in good time before Captain Scott returns with his new discoveries.

## OUR PUBLIC SCHOOLS SHOOTING COMPETITION.

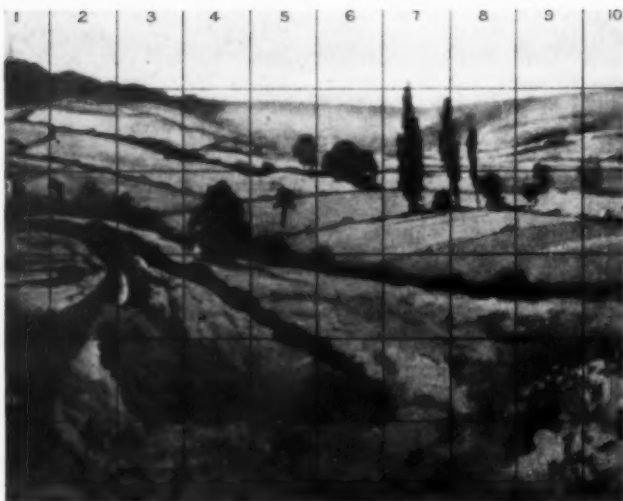
IN one of our spring issues, that for March 16th, there was a leader setting forth the general principles on which we had acted in instituting a shooting competition among the Public Schools. As the contest has now been most successfully carried out, it may be useful to add, for the sake of the general reader, a few simple explanations in regard to it. Our remarks are addressed to the ordinary reader rather than to the actual shooting-man; the latter will find later on the particulars that concern him given by a shooting contributor. The facts are well known to those who are keenly interested, but they are of at least equal importance to the general public. A day may easily come when the safety and even the existence of this nation may depend on the marksmanship of its citizens. The boys at present in our Public Schools are likely then to have a great responsibility, because they are the stuff out of which eventually Territorial and Regular Army officers will be made. By instituting a competition among them, therefore, we were encouraging the art of shooting as it affected those who will probably have most to do with the future defence of the country. All the greater is our satisfaction that they received the scheme so cordially and carried it out with so much zest and vigour. It has been a keen and most interesting contest, no fewer than fifty-one schools having entered teams.

For the purpose the schools were divided into two classes—those that have only one company, and those which have two or more companies. The character of the actual trials was carefully considered, and finally determined in co-operation with the War Office and the Hythe School of Musketry, from which valuable help was received. Military conditions were laid down, *i.e.*, open sights and no slings, and the matches had to be completed on any one day of a specified week. A mere bullseye target competition in the old style would not have served the purpose. All the lessons of modern warfare go to show the necessity of teaching absolutely modern shooting to riflemen. That is to say, any efficiency to be truly valuable must be in that kind of marksmanship which would tell in a campaign. There were three targets in the competition open to schools which are contingents of the Junior Division of the Officers Training Corps and have not more than one Company of Infantry; and these, with an additional snap-shooting target, were also used for those having more than one company. The range was twenty-five yards, or less with proportional targets. The first one was a grouping target, and the points were awarded according to the closeness of the group. Five rounds had to be fired, and the scoring was twenty points for those who could get their shots into a two-inch group, fifteen for a three-inch group, and ten for a four-inch group. A shot outside the four-inch group disallowed the target. The second target was a more difficult one. Ten rounds had to be shot, and the scoring was three for the figure and inner and two for an outer. Those not familiar with rifle shooting will be surprised to learn that here the target was made to appear five seconds after the "Ready," then "Rapid Firing" was given and sixty seconds allowed for the shooting. Four points were deducted from the scoring for each shot fired after the "Cease

fire." The whole of the ten shots had to be fired in one minute, and as the conditions prohibited the use of the magazine, there had to be a separate loading for each shot. The promptitude and skill with which the rapid shooting was done is shown by the excellence of the scores. Out of a possible 300, more than half of the schools scored 200 or over, the highest being 249 by Radley College, the winners, and St. Paul's, in the corps having two or more companies of infantry; and those having only a single company did even better, as the score of Trent College was 274, and that of King's Cathedral, Worcester, 254. Marksmanship like this approaches very closely to excellence. But the other tests were still more severe. That ingenious invention which goes by the name of a landscape target is calculated to try the skill of any performer with the rifle. The full-size target measured three feet four inches wide by two feet six inches in depth, and a miniature of it was handed, under sealed cover, to the leader of the team. On this was shown the object to be aimed at, which the leader had to describe to his team as quickly and as well as he could. This was calculated to test his powers of effective description, since only a minute and a-half was allowed from the breaking of the seal to the completion of the shoot. How useful such practice is must surely be evident to all. In warfare, as it is conducted, the opposing forces seldom appear *en masse*, but are taught the art of concealment as part of their regular drill, and everything is in favour of those who can, with the greatest precision and swiftness, concentrate fire on any object in the landscape that may be selected. In warfare, there might be a thousand and one indications that an enemy was present in a particular spot from which it was desirable, or even imperative, to dislodge him. This we take to be the logical explanation of the landscape target. The points were awarded according to the following scale: Two for each shot within an inch radius of the object, one for each shot within a two-inch radius, and two were deducted for each shot that was outside the two-inch radius. To make a score of twenty-two was a very highly creditable performance on the part of the winners. These were the three tests applicable to all who entered. But for the schools with two or more Companies of Infantry, there was a further test even more difficult. We have always thought that one of the best proofs of alertness was to be found in the use of an instantaneous camera; but snap-shooting with a rifle shows this quality even more than snap-shooting with a Kodak. A figure target, which we show in an illustration, was exposed for four seconds for each shot, and in that infinitesimal space of time marksmen had either to hit or miss it. Five shots were allowed, and the maximum number of marks was 150. Following will be found a more detailed account of the shooting. There is little left to be said after the judgment pronounced by so competent an authority as Captain C. de Putron, of the Hythe School of Musketry, who was chiefly responsible for the conditions and who judged the targets. He says: "The whole competition was most excellent and its results should be far-reaching. Ordinary individual shooting shows such an extremely high standard

of skill as to make it quite clear that schools are fit to undertake Collective Fire Practice, and therefore in future years the points allotted to the Landscape Target Competition should be very largely increased."

What we want mainly to do at the moment is to show how valuable such an accomplishment is to the young men of the rising generation. There is no other occupation which is calculated to do so much for them. Football and cricket and tennis and golf and all outdoor occupations are good in their time and place, and we wish them well. In fact, they are necessary to give the nerve and muscle which are wanted in the serious work of the world; but, directly, they yield nothing in comparison with the education to eye and brain which is given by learning to shoot. Most of us hope devoutly that the time is far distant when it will be necessary to put the knowledge of shooting into serious practice. It



MINIATURE OF LANDSCAPE (SOLANO) TARGET.

Showing aiming point marked with an arrow.

any movement that has for its purpose the making more efficient the citizens of the Empire.

A word must be said of the sympathy with which Lord Roberts favoured the scheme. He was quick to see its possibilities. Our readers will remember the letter we published from him. It stamped the plan with his approval, and this is accentuated by his consent to present the prizes to the winning team at Radley on the Speech Day of the College. All this proves Lord Roberts to be actuated by a pure singleness of purpose when anything is put forward to encourage manliness in the young citizens of the Empire. We now pass the pen to our shooting expert, who says:

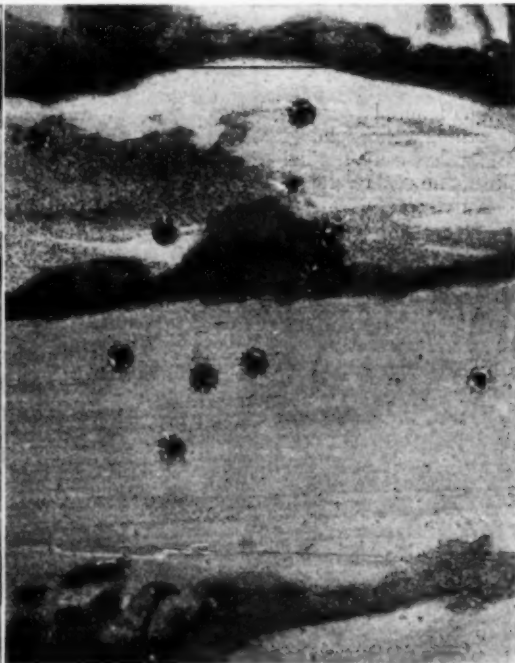
We heartily congratulate Radley College on securing the COUNTRY LIFE Public Schools O.T.C. Trophy (which will doubtless be on view at Bisley) for contingents having "two or more Companies of Infantry," with the fine aggregate of 596



RADLEY.  
(22 points.)



MARLBOROUGH.  
(20 points.)



SHERBORNE.  
(20 points.)

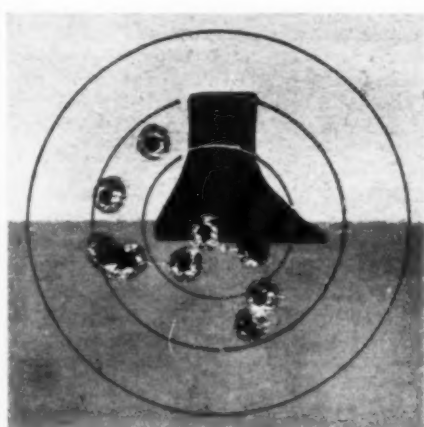
is by the arts of peace that a nation flourishes; but the way to peace is to be prepared for war. No one is anxious to attack the house of the strong man armed, although there are always some who will have no such scruples in relation to the dwelling of one who is weak.

The capacity to shoot must give confidence to those who possess it. Moreover, it is very safe to calculate that many of those who learn the use of the rifle at school will retain their taste for it when called upon to occupy positions of responsibility in the great world, and they are likely to join with alacrity

out of a possible 674: Grouping, 190; Rapid, 249; Snapshooting, 135; and Landscape Target, 22. Rossall School returned the splendid score of 606; but the condition regarding the pull-off of one of the rifles was inadvertently broken, and the penalty, though severe, will, no doubt, be cheerfully borne by a team capable of making such a record. Lancing College and Sherborne School tied for second place with 589 each, Denstone College, Staffs, totalled 587, and Rugby 575, all these being within 100 points of the highest possible.



CHARTERHOUSE.  
(29 points.)



H. C. B. SHEPARD, TRENT COLLEGE.  
30 points (possible).



KING'S COLLEGE SCHOOL, WIMBLEDON  
(22 points).KING'S SCHOOL, WORCESTER  
(21 points).KING'S COLLEGE, TAUNTON  
(21 points).

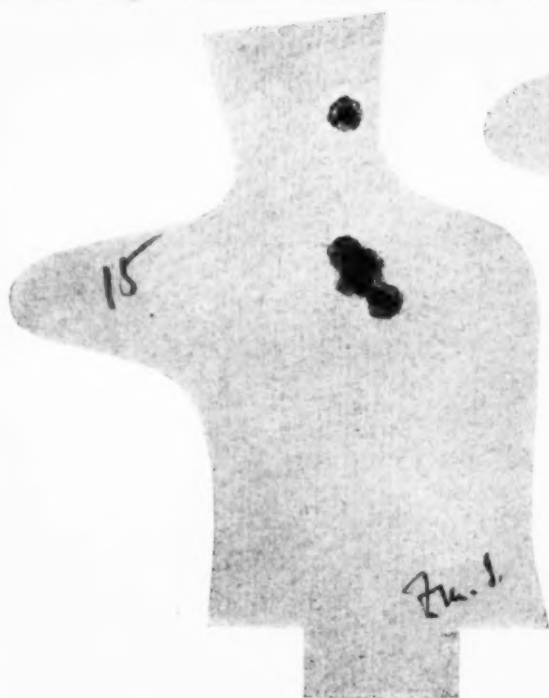
In the competition for the "COUNTRY LIFE Officers Training Corps Trophy," open to contingents having "not more than one Company of Infantry," Trent College are easy winners with an aggregate of 493 out of a possible 524: Grouping, 200; rapid, 274; and landscape target, 19. The following contingents were within 100 points of the highest possible: King's Cathedral School, Worcester, 475; King's College, Taunton, 466; Wilson's Grammar School, Camberwell, 453; Fettes College, Edinburgh, 447; King's School, Warwick, 445; Newcastle-under-Lyme High School, 430; and King's College School, Wimbledon, 424.

Our readers will doubtless remember that Lord Roberts expressed his high approval of the competitions in a letter which we published in our issue already referred to, and we have great pleasure in announcing that this distinguished soldier will present the trophy to the winners of the Two or More Companies Competition. Arrangements for the presentation of the trophy won by Trent College will be announced later.

In the grouping target highest possible scores were made by Rugby, Rossall, Lancing, Stonyhurst, University College School, Dulwich, Aldenham, and Eastbourne by contingents having "two or more Companies of Infantry, and by Trent, Fettes, King's Cathedral School, Worcester, and King's

School, Bruton, by contingents having "not more than one Company."

Radley College and St. Paul's School made the best rapid scores of the "two or more Companies" schools, with 249 points out of a possible 300, with Lancing College 246, Rossall 243, and Sherborne 239, but, strange to say, a school with not more than one company, Trent College, Derbyshire, the winners of the COUNTRY LIFE O.T.C. Trophy, made the fine total of 274 points, an average of 27.4 per man. Further than this, King's Cathedral School, Worcester, with 254, King's School, Warwick, and Wilson's Grammar School with 252 points each, King's College, Taunton, 250, all having "not more than one Company of Infantry."



D. D. La Touche (Shrewsbury), 15 points (possible).



R. A. Scott, Wellington (Berks), 15 points (possible).

H. Shenly, University College School.  
(Artists), 15 points (possible), 20 yards  
proportional target.

return a higher score than the leading contingents having "two or more Companies."

The snap-shooting target was confined to the schools with "two or more Companies of Infantry," and here Sherborne head the list with a highest possible—150 points, on which they are to be sincerely congratulated. Rossall followed closely with 144, Denstone College 141, Bradfield College 138, Lancing College 135, and Rugby 132.

In conclusion, we welcome the interest shown in the competition, and feel sure that the entries will be largely increased next year, as we were only able to announce the conditions for this year's competition about six weeks previous to the week selected for the matches.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS O.T.C.  
TROPHY SCORES.

<i>Targets.</i>	<i>Possible.</i>
GROUPING .. .. .	200
RAPID .. .. .	300
SNAP-SHOOTING .. .. .	150
LANDSCAPE .. .. .	44

## \*ROSSALL SCHOOL.

Grouping .. .. .	200
Rapid .. .. .	243
Snap-shooting .. .. .	144
Landscape .. .. .	19

Total .. .. . 606

## RADLEY COLLEGE.

Grouping .. .. .	190
Rapid .. .. .	249
Snap-shooting .. .. .	135
Landscape .. .. .	22

Total .. .. . 596

## LANCING COLLEGE.

Grouping .. .. .	200
Rapid .. .. .	246
Snap-shooting .. .. .	135
Landscape .. .. .	8

Total .. .. . 589

## SHERBORNE SCHOOL.

Grouping .. .. .	180
Rapid .. .. .	239
Snap-shooting .. .. .	150
Landscape .. .. .	20

Total .. .. . 589

## DENSTONE COLLEGE.

Grouping .. .. .	190
Rapid .. .. .	237
Snap-shooting .. .. .	141
Landscape .. .. .	19

Total .. .. . 587

## GLASGOW ACADEMY.

Grouping .. .. .	195
Rapid .. .. .	183
Snap-shooting .. .. .	102
Landscape .. .. .	8

Total .. .. . 488

## LIVERPOOL INSTITUTE.

Grouping .. .. .	185
Rapid .. .. .	183
Snap-shooting .. .. .	126
Landscape .. .. .	10

Total .. .. . 504

## CHELTENHAM COLLEGE.

Rapid .. .. .	194
Grouping .. .. .	190
Snap-shooting .. .. .	114

Landscape minus .. .. . 1

Total .. .. . 497

## SHREWSBURY SCHOOL.

Grouping .. .. .	195
Rapid .. .. .	181
Snap-shooting .. .. .	108
Landscape .. .. .	11

Total .. .. . 495

## BERKHAMSTED SCHOOL.

Grouping .. .. .	180
Rapid .. .. .	176
Snap-shooting .. .. .	114
Landscape .. .. .	18

Total .. .. . 488

## EASTBOURNE COLLEGE.

Grouping .. .. .	200
Rapid .. .. .	184
Snap-shooting .. .. .	105

Landscape minus .. .. . 7

Total .. .. . 482



THE ROSSALL TEAM—SCORE 606.

\* Unfortunately disqualified by light pull-off of one rifle.



RADLEY TEAM.—J. A. Sinclair, J. L. Few, C. H. Mostyn Owen, C. I. Herbert, E. C. Faulkner, R. S. M. Sturgess, C. H. B. Blacker, C. R. Hind, and F. M. Cwrtler. J. R. B. Haley (absent). Leader: Capt. A. W. Davies.



TRENT TEAM.—M. C. Polhill, A. W. Molony, H. P. Sherwood, G. T. Lipshytz, H. C. B. Shepard, C. G. Harrold, H. G. Norman, A. L. Lancaster, S. C. Savill, P. R. Nightingale. Leader: M. C. Polhill.

RUGBY SCHOOL.		WELLINGTON COLLEGE (BERKS).	
Grouping .. .. .	200	Grouping .. .. .	190
Rapid .. .. .	224	Rapid .. .. .	213
Snap-shooting .. .. .	132	Snap-shooting .. .. .	126
Landscape .. .. .	10	Landscape .. .. .	15

Total .. .. . 575

Total .. .. . 544

DULWICH COLLEGE.		MILL HILL SCHOOL.	
Grouping .. .. .	200	Grouping .. .. .	180
Rapid .. .. .	224	Rapid .. .. .	214
Snap-shooting .. .. .	126	Snap-shooting .. .. .	127
Landscape .. .. .	20	Landscape .. .. .	20

Total .. .. . 570

Total .. .. . 543

ST. PAUL'S SCHOOL.		FELSTEAD SCHOOL.	
Grouping .. .. .	190	Grouping .. .. .	195
Rapid .. .. .	249	Rapid .. .. .	210
Snap-shooting .. .. .	129	Snap-shooting .. .. .	126
Landscape .. .. .	568	Landscape .. .. .	5

Landscape minus .. .. . 4

Total .. .. . 564

Total .. .. . 536

MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE.		STONYHURST COLLEGE.	
Grouping .. .. .	195	Grouping .. .. .	200
Rapid .. .. .	213	Rapid .. .. .	222
Snap-shooting .. .. .	132	Snap-shooting .. .. .	105
Landscape .. .. .	20	Landscape .. .. .	3

Total .. .. . 590

Total .. .. . 530

BRADFELD COLLEGE.		ALDENHAM SCHOOL.	
Grouping .. .. .	175	Grouping .. .. .	200
Rapid .. .. .	230	Rapid .. .. .	198
Snap-shooting .. .. .	138	Snap-shooting .. .. .	111
Landscape .. .. .	15	Landscape .. .. .	9

Total .. .. . 558

Total .. .. . 518

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE SCHOOL.		CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL.	
Grouping .. .. .	200	Grouping .. .. .	185
Rapid .. .. .	222	Rapid .. .. .	212
Snap-shooting .. .. .	105	Snap-shooting .. .. .	111
Landscape (23—5) .. .. .	18	Landscape .. .. .	7

Total .. .. . 545

Total .. .. . 515

(20yds. Range).

## MERCHISTON CASTLE SCHOOL.

Grouping .. .. .	190
Rapid .. .. .	160
Snap-shooting .. .. .	96
Landscape .. .. .	7

Total .. .. . 453

## CITY OF LONDON SCHOOL.

Grouping .. .. .	125
Rapid .. .. .	154
Snap-shooting .. .. .	87
Landscape .. .. .	366

Landscape minus .. .. . 14

Total .. .. . 352

THE OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS TROPHY  
SCORES.

<i>Targets.</i>	<i>Possible.</i>	WILSON'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL.	
GROUPING .. .. .	200	Grouping .. .. .	190
RAPID .. .. .	300	Rapid .. .. .	232
LANDSCAPE .. .. .	24	Landscape .. .. .	11

Total .. .. . 453

## TRENT COLLEGE.

Grouping .. .. .	200
Rapid .. .. .	274
Landscape .. .. .	19

Total .. .. . 493

## KING'S CATHEDRAL SCHOOL

(WORCESTER.)

Grouping .. .. .	200
Rapid .. .. .	254
Landscape .. .. .	21

Total .. .. . 475

## KING'S COLLEGE (TAUNTON).

Grouping .. .. .	195
Rapid .. .. .	230
Landscape .. .. .	21

Total .. .. . 466

## KING'S SCHOOL (WARWICK).

Grouping .. .. .	190
Rapid .. .. .	232
Landscape .. .. .	3

Total .. .. . 445

## NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYME HIGH

SCHOOL.

Grouping .. .. .	185
Rapid .. .. .	212
Landscape .. .. .	13

Total .. .. . 430



KING'S COLLEGE SCHOOL (WIMBLEDON).				ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL (WORCESTER).				CAMPBELL COLLEGE (BELFAST).				CRANBROOK SCHOOL.			
Grouping ..	..	..	195	Grouping ..	..	..	175	Grouping ..	..	..	105	Grouping ..	..	..	185
Rapid ..	..	..	207	Rapid ..	..	..	196	Rapid ..	..	..	204	Rapid ..	..	..	143
Landscape ..	..	..	23	Landscape ..	..	..	3	Landscape ..	..	..	399	Landscape ..	..	..	328
Total ..	..	..	424	Total ..	..	..	374	Landscape minus ..	..	..	1	Landscape minus ..	..	..	1
BRIDLINGTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL.				REIGATE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.				Total ..				Total ..			
Grouping ..	..	..	180	Grouping ..	..	..	180	READING SCHOOL.				ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL (GUILDFORD).			
Rapid ..	..	..	229	Rapid ..	..	..	166	Grouping ..	..	..	190	Grouping ..	..	..	145
Landscape ..	..	..	10	Landscape ..	..	..	6	Rapid ..	..	..	190	Rapid ..	..	..	172
Total ..	..	..	419	Total ..	..	..	352	Landscape ..	..	..	7	Landscape ..	..	..	1
KING'S SCHOOL (BRUTON).				KING ALFRED'S SCHOOL (WANTAGE).				Total ..				Total ..			
Grouping ..	..	..	200	Grouping ..	..	..	175	ST. EDWARD'S SCHOOL (OXFORD).				GEORGE HERIOT'S SCHOOL (EDINBURGH).			
Rapid ..	..	..	208	Rapid ..	..	..	169	Grouping ..	..	..	155	Grouping ..	..	..	165
Landscape ..	..	..	9	Landscape ..	..	..	344	Rapid ..	..	..	220	Rapid ..	..	..	157
Total ..	..	..	417	Landscape minus ..	..	..	10	Landscape ..	..	..	11	Landscape ..	..	..	322
EXETER SCHOOL.				DEAN CLOSE SCHOOL.				Total ..				Total ..			
Grouping ..	..	..	190	Grouping ..	..	..	165	LIVERPOOL COLLEGE.				Landscape minus ..			
Rapid ..	..	..	199	Rapid ..	..	..	167	Grouping ..	..	..	185	Grouping ..	..	..	175
Landscape ..	..	..	18	Landscape ..	..	..	332	Rapid ..	..	..	191	Rapid ..	..	..	136
Total ..	..	..	407	Total ..	..	..	332	Landscape ..	..	..	3	Landscape ..	..	..	311
UNITED SERVICES' COLLEGE (WINDSOR).				(Landscape target disqualified.)				Total ..				Total ..			
Grouping ..	..	..	190	WELLINGTON COLLEGE (SALOP).				SKINNERS' SCHOOL.				Landscape minus ..			
Rapid ..	..	..	202	Grouping ..	..	..	180	Grouping ..	..	..	180	Grouping ..	..	..	24
Landscape ..	..	..	12	Rapid ..	..	..	142	Rapid ..	..	..	195	Rapid ..	..	..	287
Total ..	..	..	404	Landscape ..	..	..	6	Landscape ..	..	..	7	Landscape ..	..	..	316
				Total ..	..	..	328	Total ..	..	..	382	Total ..	..	..	316

## TEACHING AN OTTER TO TAKE TO WATER.—II.

[Those who attended the scientific meeting of the Zoological Society on May 7th and heard the brilliant lecture which Dr. Francis Ward delivered will be glad to have, in the following article, an exposition specially prepared for COUNTRY LIFE of that part which dealt with the natural history and habits of the otter. This article should be read in connection with the previous one to which Dr. Ward refers in his opening sentence.—Ed.]

THE above was the title of an article which appeared in COUNTRY LIFE on March 23rd, 1912. In this article I described the peculiar habits of an otter that had been shut up in a rabbit-hutch when it was a cub, until over two years old, and how I had to teach this otter to take to water and fish. I now propose to fulfil my promise to the readers of COUNTRY LIFE to show the otter

swimming and fishing, as seen from below the surface of the water. It might reasonably be suggested that the movements and the fishing methods of an otter that has passed the first two years of its life in a rabbit-hutch would not afford reliable information as to the movements and the fishing of the wild otter. Fortunately, I now possess three otters: the original otter described in my first article—this animal goes by the name of Pilgrim; also a perfectly wild full-grown bitch that has been christened Progress, and a fine twenty-five-pound dog, recently captured, but now almost tame.

I have watched and compared the methods of these various otters, and the only difference is that Pilgrim is not so quick at catching her fish as the wild otters, neither does she hunt



Francis Ward.

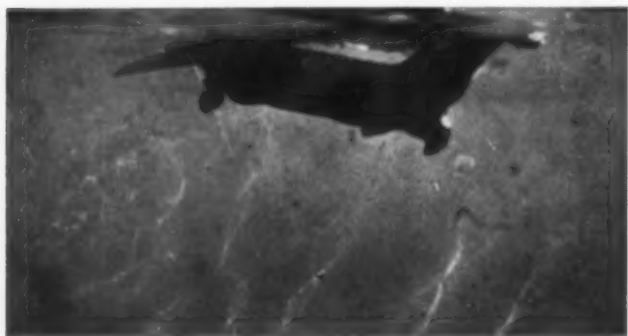
OFF TO HUNT.

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in the same systematic manner, and when she swims she uses her fore paws more than either Progress or the dog. In the present article I shall briefly refer to the peculiarities of each otter here and there; but in the main I shall describe the movements and the fishing methods from observations made on all three animals.

The silent manner in which the otter enters water has often been described, but the action requires to be seen before anyone can fully realise how gracefully the beast glides in, leaving scarce a ripple. When he has disappeared below the surface, he quickly gets under way both by paddling with his

never leaves the land by swimming away with his head above water, but slips under the surface as described. When he requires air he gives the necessary upward direction with strokes of his paws, and then swings up with a graceful curve of his body, as shown in Plate 4. As soon as he has vented, he probably slips under again; but should he swim at the surface, he uses all four limbs and paddles like a dog, as shown in Plate 2. In this illustration only that part of the otter under the water is visible; and here I would explain that if an object is seen at the surface from below beyond an angle of  $48\frac{1}{2}$  deg. from the eye of the observer to the surface of the water, only that portion



PADDLING WITH HEAD ABOVE WATER.



AMONG THE STONES.



SWIMMING WITH HIND LEGS.

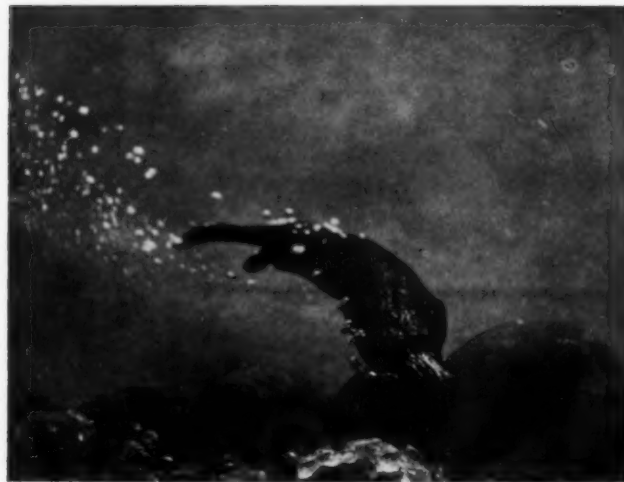


HUNTING.



Francis Ward

SWINGING UP TO THE SURFACE.



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THE TURN.

fore feet and by striking out with his hind legs. But as soon as he has gained sufficient impetus, the manner of swimming varies according to whether he intends to move rapidly or leisurely through the water. When the animal moves rapidly, the fore paws are extended in contact with the chest, and he swims with powerful strokes of his hind legs, as seen in Plate 3, and when he advances in this manner he mainly turns himself with strokes of the right or left paw. If moving slowly, the otter may still swim in the manner described; but more usually the hind legs are extended behind him on each side of his tail, and he paddles with his fore feet only. An otter practically

of the object below the surface is visible; when, however, an object is seen within an angle of  $48\frac{1}{2}$  deg. from the eye of the observer to the surface of the water, that portion of the object above the surface of the water (though distorted) is visible as well as that portion of it below the surface.

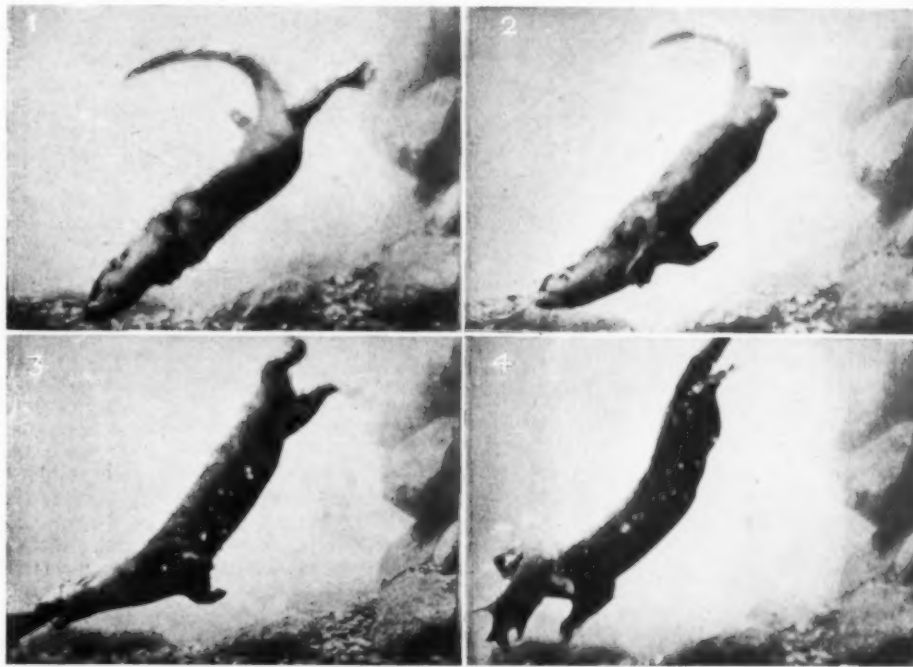
Next, to consider the method of swimming when the otter is hunting for fish. The beast does not now require to go fast, and so he swims entirely with his fore paws, groping his way among the stones and rocks or reeds and weeds as the case may be, and the hind legs are extended straight out behind him on each side of his tail, as shown in the illustrations called



"Among the Stones" and "Hunting." If the otter wishes to suddenly turn when swimming in this manner, he swings his hind legs and his tail round like a rudder.

As already stated, there is a considerable difference in the hunting methods of Pilgrim and the other animals. Pilgrim searches for fish, whereas the dog hunts in a haphazard manner most systematically. First he rushes two or three times through the centre of the pond, and then circles round and round the

edge, and this is where he catches his fish. The object of this manœuvre is quite evident, for by first going through the pond he scares the fish into the overhanging stones at the side, and then he catches his prey as he circles round. Quick as an otter is, a fish is quicker, and it is not often that an otter catches his fish in open water, but, as a rule, corners his prey and snaps him up as the fish turns to escape. Usually the fish is caught in the mouth of the otter, but not infrequently Pilgrim catches her fish in her fore paws and scoops it up to her mouth. When she has already got one fish, the second is invariably scooped up to her mouth in this manner.



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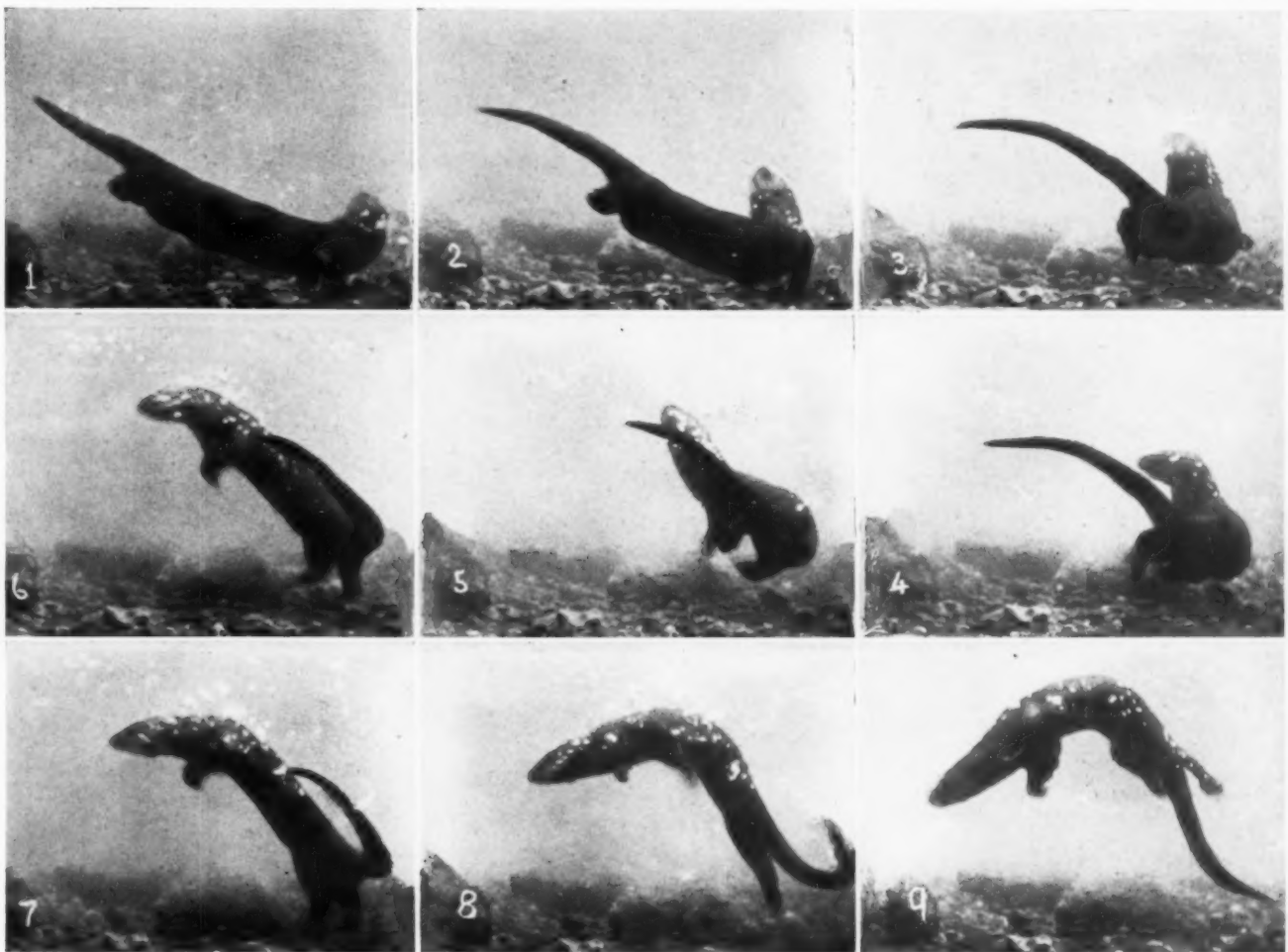
## SURPRISING A SULKY PIKE.

(From cinematograph film.)

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side of the pond; to my surprise, she had a roach in her mouth. She was far too nervous to eat the fish; in fact, she did not eat except by night for a week or ten days after this incident, but, alarmed as she was, she had evidently sub-consciously seized the roach as she swam through the pond.

So much for the ordinary swimming and hunting movements of the otter. When, however, he is actually chasing a fish, the beast uses hind and fore legs indiscriminately, the tail is lashed into all sorts of positions, and he twists and turns his body with the strong muscles of his back. I soon found that to attempt to photograph these movements with an ordinary



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## A CURIOUS TURN.

(From cinematograph film.)

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It will be remembered that in my first article I described how Pilgrim was so ignorant of fishing that she would have starved with trout in the water around her if she had not been fed on land. In contrast with this, the following incident will show how the habit of killing fish is imbedded in the wild otter. Progress arrived at my pond in a box a week after she had been caught. As soon as she was turned into the enclosure, she dived through the water and came up on the other

camera was out of the question; but Mr. Percy Smith of the Kineto Company, Limited, has obtained an excellent otter film taken in my pond, and by kind permission of the Kineto Company, Limited, I am able to show two sets of prints taken from this film, and these show the extraordinary movements of the otter while chasing a fish. In the first film series, "An Otter Surprising a Sulky Pike," the beast dashed down upon the fish while it was lying on the bottom, and in a second seized the pike by the snout and threw him over his head. The otter was not going to be contented by merely catching the fish, but wished to have the excitement of a chase, and so deliberately let the pike go. Quite a long chase ensued, all of which was cinematographed, and will in due course be shown to the public.

On another occasion, when an otter was hunting a roach, the second series of cinematograph photographs entitled "A Curious Turn" was obtained. I think the pictures in this series are of sufficient interest to warrant individual comment.

In No. 1 the otter is seen coming down from the left-hand top corner; the fish he was chasing doubled back to where the otter had come from, and the first movement in the turn of the animal is shown by the otter twisting his head to the left and giving a powerful stroke with his right fore paw. Nos. 2, 3, 4 and 5 show various stages in the turn. The fish, which had been above the otter, now altered its course and darted down among the stones; in consequence, the otter, during the turn, also altered his course. Nos. 6 and 7 show the animal standing on the bottom, No. 8 shows him kicking off like a kangaroo, and in No. 9 we see him striking out with fore and hind limbs to get at the fish before he escaped from the stones. The tail action is well illustrated in this series. All the movements shown occurred within a space of three seconds.

Every otter-hunter is familiar with the chain of bubbles that the beast leaves behind him as he swims under the water, and this chain may extend for a distance of thirty yards or more. The bubbles of air that come up to the surface are from two sources. When the dry otter first slips into the water, he leaves a broad track of bubbles a foot wide; this broad track is due to the air carried down in the fur of his coat; but after swimming for a time, only a single line of large bubbles marks the course of the otter; these bubbles are due to exhaled air from the lungs of the otter.

Most of the illustrations of the otter as seen below the water to some extent suggest the appearance of the animal as we see him above the surface; but frequently the otter, as he swims about with undulating movements of his body, and his hind legs straight out behind him, looks more like a thick eel than a four-footed animal, as will be seen on reference to the illustration entitled.

After watching otters fish both by day and by night, I am convinced that they see far better at dusk, or even when it is dark, than in a bright light. As an illustration of how well an otter can see in the dark, I will give the following example.



Francis Ward.

OTTER OR EEL?

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I was disturbed one night by hearing the otters fighting in the pond, so I got out of bed and, as it was an inky dark night, I took down a candle. As I was leaning forward looking into one of the kennels, the candle fell into the pond and also the brass extinguisher; this sunk in some two feet of water. I had hardly time to think of the best method of recovering the brass extinguisher, when I heard the tinkle of the metal on the opposite side of the pond; Pilgrim had dived in and fished it out, though it was so dark that I could not see her at all. The noises otters make are extremely varied; they purr like a cat with contentment, and they hiss and spit like a goose when annoyed. Fear on the approach of an enemy often causes them to emit a high-pitched screech, not unlike the noise made by a ferret when seized by a dog, and at night one often hears the well-known metallic whistle.

When fishing at night it is remarkable how silently they move about, by far the most noticeable sound being a watery snort as the animal comes up to vent, and occasionally the crunch of the teeth upon a fish as the otter chews his meal. The bite of an otter is usually a clean wound, the sharp teeth being driven in so as to make neat holes. As a rule, an otter will not bite, except in self-defence; only on one occasion have I been bitten unawares, when on a dark night the dog otter deliberately came up from behind and bit me in the calf of the leg.

Otters vary tremendously in their temperament. Pilgrim, who has never been a wild otter, is extremely timid, and though she will feed from the hand and play in many ways with the attendant, any attempt to touch her invariably results in a bite. Progress, the wild otter, though I have had her over a month, is at the present time as wild as when she came, except that she will feed and fish in the daytime. The dog, however, has a totally different temperament; at first sulky, he is now wonderfully tame, will feed freely from the hand, and I am able to scratch his back. It may be of interest to know how he first permitted

me to do this. Wild otters are liable to have ticks. Of these they are able to keep themselves free, except on the back of the head and between the shoulders. After a few attempts, the dog permitted me to scratch his back with a long stick where these ticks were present; this gave him so much relief that in a few days he allowed me to get my hand nearer and nearer down the stick, so that in the end I was able to pick the ticks off with a pair of forceps. Wild otters frequently roll and scrub their



Francis Ward. DOG OTTER DEVOURING A TWO POUND SEA-TROUT.

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backs along the ground. This, I believe, is to remove the ticks from the situation described, though, of course, they also roll, but in a rather different manner, to dry their fur. Otters also vary very much as to the amount of attention they give to comfort. Some are quite content to lie in a holt without any bedding under them, while others make a complete nest every time they lie up. Of my own otters, Progress, the wildest of the lot, is the one that devotes most attention to comfort. In



order to get the otters accustomed to seeing human beings, at first I keep them in an open box in the enclosure. The straw from Progress' kennel had been placed in this box, but the door of the kennel had been left open. In the morning she had removed all the straw from the box and made a nest of it in the

kennel; the dog, on the other hand, shoots out all the straw from his kennel and lies on the boards. I believe otters have never bred in captivity, but I am hoping for good fortune in this respect, and may, at some future time, be able to write more of the otter's life in my pond.

FRANCIS WARD.

## THE GREEN WOODPECKER.

**I**N spite of its brilliant colouring, the green woodpecker is by no means a conspicuous bird, for when clinging to the trunk of some woodland tree, the soft green and yellow tones of its plumage are in complete harmony with Nature. The stiff attitudes which the green woodpecker assumes when startled are also protective, and the casual observer might often mistake him for an inanimate branch as with body close pressed against a bit of dead wood and head thrust upward he remains motionless while conscious of danger. He is an exceedingly shy and wary bird, though his loud laughing call echoing through the woods betrays his presence. This ringing cry is said to be a sign of rain; but as the "yaffle," as it is locally called, may be heard nearly all the year round, it is really no indication of the rise or fall of the barometer. The green woodpecker's voice is capable of exquisite modulations. There is the long-drawn, plaintive cry of distress, uttered when danger threatens, while the soft piping notes used by both sexes to express emotion during the breeding season are both varied and musical. This species may often be seen searching for food in open meadows. It does not look particularly at home upon the ground, where its progress consists of a series of clumsy, jerky hops. When alarmed it immediately takes wing; the heavy, though rapid and undulating, flight is very characteristic and quite distinct from that of any other bird.

I came upon the pair of green woodpeckers depicted here one May morning when they were just beginning to excavate the nesting-hole. To my surprise, instead of immediately flying away they clung to the bole of the tree, giving vent to mournful wails. They did not ruffle up their feathers and scold like most birds when

annoyed, but rather remonstrated in plaintive tones; their beautiful eyes, with large bluish white irides, gave them a peculiarly innocent and injured expression, and as they fixed these upon the intruder he felt inclined to apologise and retire. The tree chosen, in this instance, was a very picturesque silver birch, gnarled and twisted out of its original shape, and covered with fungoid growths of various kinds; it was one of a little group of birches on an open moor, and quite hollow inside, but so tough externally I could make no impression on the rim of the hole with a sharp jack-knife. Nevertheless, the woodpecker's finely tempered bill hewed away chip after chip quite easily. These chips were not carried away, but allowed to remain on the ground, which was well strewn with *débris*. At first all this rubbish looked very conspicuous, but it toned down in colour after a few days.

When certain that the birds were well established, I only visited them about once a week, merely giving the tree a smart rap, then, walking away and hiding in the heather, I awaited results. After the lapse of a few minutes, the brooding hen would cautiously look out of the hole, survey the landscape in all directions, and quietly drop back into the nest. But by and by there came a day (June 8th) when my rapping roused a storm of hissing inside the tree, which proceeded from the newly-hatched young, while the parents darted from tree to tree, wailing and jerking themselves to and fro in an agitated manner. That same evening I put up my hiding tent after 9 p.m. without disturbing the birds, and crept silently away to spend the short June night in the open, lulled to sleep by the nightjar's rhythmic churring and the far-away croaking of a landrail. I crept into my tent at 3 a.m., making as little noise



E. L. Turner.

MALE ALIGHTING ABOVE NESTING-HOLE.

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as possible. The moorland was wrapped in summer mist; not a breath of air disturbed the jewelled cobwebs which wreathed both gorse and heather in fairy network; ghostly outlines of rabbits scuttled away and vanished as if by magic, though now and again one bolder than his fellows would turn and stamp angrily at the unwonted disturbance. I had hoped to get my camera up and everything ready without alarming the brooding woodpecker; but at the first rustling of the wet, and consequently unpliant, tent she darted out of the hole with a startling

call-note that seemed to rouse all the wild things in the waking world, and at once elicited an answering call from her mate far away in the woods, whither both birds always went to collect food. The nesting-hole, being on the north-east side of the tree, was completely in shadow after 9 a.m., hence the necessity for early rising. The male returned in about half-an-hour's time, and, judging from the contented gurgling sounds which came from the heart of the tree, busied himself with feeding the hungry brood. On that occasion, the one and only time I saw







E. L. Turner.

## YOUNG GREEN WOODPECKERS HAND IN HAND.

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it done, he cleaned out the nest before flying away. Later on, the female came back, but evinced considerable alarm, and after travelling all round the tree, in the curiously undecided and jerky manner characteristic of the bird when annoyed, she flew off to the woods. The male, however, fed the brood three times before 8.30, and then, as both old birds seemed shy, and because the nestlings were very young, I lowered my tall tent and left them in peace. The female at once flew into the nesting-hole and remained there, and her mate soon came back. The hen bird then climbed to the entrance while her mate regurgitated to her, the only time I actually saw him perform this operation. During the next four days I erected the tent at 9 p.m. and lowered it at 8.30 a.m. After that, as the birds gained confidence, I ventured to leave it up. The young were fed on an average every half-hour by one or other of the parents; but throughout the hen was very shy. She generally alighted *beneath* the hole and climbed upwards, whereas the male almost always flew to a dead branch high up and descended in a series of zigzags, or worked spirally round the tree. Sometimes they chased each other solemnly round and round, uttering flute-like sounds meanwhile in a somewhat plaintive manner, for there always seems to be a tinge of melancholy in the yaffle's notes, and even the so-called "laugh" ends in a wail. Perhaps it is this plaintiveness which gave rise to the old Indian legend about the green woodpecker. One day

the Great Spirit came to an Indian wigwam in the guise of an old man and asked food of a woman. She made him a very tiny cake, but in the baking it increased in size. Considering it too large for a mere beggar, she made another; but each cake increased in size, till at last she angrily turned

the old man adrift into the forest, with his hunger unappeased. The Great Spirit was hurt by this meanness in a woman, who should be tender and pitiful, and he cursed her. Gradually her body began to shrink, until it dwindled to the size of a bird, feathers appeared and her arms were changed to wings. With loud, discordant cry she rose into the air and flew towards the forest, where, as a green woodpecker, she seeks for food until this day.

The woodpecker's nesting-hole is said to be very hot and unsavoury, and it may have been for purposes of ventilation that this particular pair one day bored a smaller hole higher up on the south side of the tree. It was not quite large enough to admit the old birds, and, therefore, cannot have been intended for an emergency exit, and it was not bored until the young were half-fledged.

The noise that four hungry nestling green woodpeckers can produce is astonishing. When disturbed their united hissing was like that of an engine letting off steam. As soon as they were able they scrambled out of the stifling nursery and clung to the sides of the tree within easy reach of the



E. L. Turner.

## THE GREEN WOODPECKER.

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entrance hole; whither they retreated when alarmed. Being anxious to observe some of their habits more closely, I brought up two of the nestlings, and most delightful pets they made. One soon became tame and fed from my hand, slithering its long tongue all over my outstretched palm in search of ants' eggs and flies. Unfortunately, they were both females, and when I had kept them about six months one slew the other by neatly spearing her through the eye. When fighting they seize each other by the beaks and, grasping one another's feet, roll over and over, wrestling together on the ground. They bored holes in all the unprotected woodwork in my aviary, and one day, finding a weak place in the mortar of my kitchen chimney, they began to prise out the brickwork. At night they hung themselves tidily up by both feet, clinging either to the wooded supports of the aviary or to the brickwork. At first, however, they roosted inside an old tree trunk, then they both chose a particular post and clung one above the other. Eventually they separated, and one chose the warm chimney, while the other preferred a partially sheltered post. The head was usually tucked under the right wing. Twice during the autumn I both heard and saw one of them distinctly "rattle" after the manner of the spotted woodpecker, but, curiously enough, the sound produced was not nearly so loud and startling. Nevertheless, it was persistent enough to bring me with a rush from the end of my garden, and I saw the bird deliver rapid, vibrating strokes with his bill upon some sloping tiles; but for what purpose I could not discover, unless it was in order to dislodge the swarms of cockroaches which hide there during the daytime.

It is said that the green woodpecker excavates a fresh hole each year; but this is not always the case, especially in woods where unsound trees are scarce. I know a hole in a large beech tree that had been continuously inhabited for ten years, if not longer, until 1908, when the rightful owners were called upon to defend their home against invading starlings. It is a curious fact that the smaller and feebler starling generally wins in these frequent contests; but physical force is often no match for mental superiority, and the active, intelligent starlings use every cunning ruse they can devise to outwit their more cumbersome antagonists in territorial contests. I settled the 1908 dispute—which raged with varying success for a week—by putting up a nesting-box for the starlings. But in 1909 the box fell down and was not replaced, so the starlings got possession of the hole; but the following year the woodpeckers were victors. The inquisitive starling cannot help interfering in the *ménage* of his neighbourhood. Every day he came and peeped into the nesting-hole depicted here, but apparently without any evil intention, merely enquiring after the welfare of the young woodpeckers in neighbourly fashion. I have seen starlings "pass the time of day" with sitting herons, and stalk round and round the nests during their owners' absence, making more or less complimentary remarks to others of their own ilk concerning young herons. However, the ancient and decorative silver birch which for one brief season sheltered the brood of clamorous young green woodpeckers will not do so again, for it fell during an October gale in 1911, splitting in half just where the nesting-hole had been excavated.

E. L. TURNER.

## AN ASCENT OF MONT PELVOUX

AT the Exhibition of photographs now open at the Alpine Club, it is impossible not to be led into the reflection that the climbing season is again rapidly approaching and of the less known hills, among those least known are those of the Dauphiné, whose neglect is one of the mysteries of Alpine travel. A region containing twenty snow peaks over twelve thousand feet and thirty others over eleven thousand feet in altitude, and a number still unconquered, should possess many attractions to lovers of the mountains.

From the broiling pavements of Grenoble the steam tram took us to Bourg d'Oisans, the extreme limit of civilisation, and in another hour we were well within the dense forests of the Vencon Valley *en route* for La Berarde. This valley could hardly be surpassed in variety and beauty, lofty mountains and precipitous crags, deep ravines and roaring waterfalls, gently sloping hills clothed with dark pine forests and filled with bird and animal life, alternating with scenery of the most savage grandeur, where the silence is only broken by the occasional whistle of the marmot. The day after our arrival was devoted to an ascent of the Tête de la Maye, which stands above La Berarde, as the Gornergrat does above Zermatt. The summit view gave a clear idea of the most interesting peaks from the photographic standpoint, and by two o'clock on the following morning we were stumbling along the stony Entraçons Valley on our way to the Grand Ruine.

We found the bergschrund at the foot of our peak a formidable obstacle. It encircled the mountain like a moat round a castle. Here and there snow avalanches had fallen into the chasm from the slopes above and partially masked its real dimensions, but everywhere the upper edge overhung the lower to the extent of fifteen to thirty feet. After much examination we found that the only possible crossing was at a point where the ice-slope above was at its steepest angle, and there the ice masses depended from the upper edge in a manner more curious than inviting. Our second guide, Christophe Turc, led the way. With every stroke of his axe he brought down masses of ice, which boomed and banged their way into the blue depths of the chasm on our right. Steps had to be cut quite vertically, with hand-holes to correspond, and the second member of the party had to support the first man on his shoulders where the edge overhung till he was able to draw himself up by means of his axe.

What was difficult for the first man was, of course, comparatively easy for the rest of us. An ice slope exceeding fifty degrees is seldom met with in the Alps, but after crossing this bergschrund we found ourselves at the foot of a thousand feet slope with an angle of nearly sixty degrees. The pass was at the summit, and our peak towered 1,500ft. higher, while clouds had begun to gather.

One hour later we were still on the slope, Christophe hewing away at the ice while the rest of us, with axe heads planted, held the rope taut in case of a possible slip till the step was completed. The end of the second hour saw us off the slope,

and we raced up the rocks to the top of the pass, the Col de la Casse Deserte (11,515ft.).

The view on the other side, of Mont Ageneaux, with the huge fan-like summit of the Ecrins rising above, the monarch of the group, was magnificent, but hardly compensated for the icy gale which assailed us, and we were glad to creep to leeward of a rock and feed. An approaching thunder-storm prevented our attempting the summit of the Grand Ruine, and warned us to leave the Col. The guides' suggestion that it would be advisable to descend the couloir vertically met with our approval; this meant jumping the bergschrund at the foot, but seemed preferable to the difficulties of the traverse route. We kept to rock as far as possible, although it was rotten in places. At one point we were entering a narrow gully when a large boulder broke away and went crashing towards the leading guide. We shouted to him, "Jump, Christophe, jump!" and he hoisted himself up the rock face while the boulder, which weighed at least a hundredweight, thundered harmlessly a few inches beneath him. We could see it speeding down the ice slope, rapidly decreasing in size till it buried itself with a gigantic splash in the bergschrund below. We cut down the remainder of the slope amid the mutterings of the storm and gingerly approached the vicinity of the chasm. An ice-axe was buried nearly to its head, and the guide went forward on hands and knees, secured by a couple of turns of his rope round the axe, and peered over the edge. We crossed the bergschrund with difficulty, and raced down the lower snowfields, saluted midway by a hurricane of hail and sleet, which followed us till we tumbled into La Berarde three hours afterwards.

Our next climb was to be Mont Pelvoux by the Col de la Temple; and at eleven o'clock, two days later, we were pounding up the last of the snow slopes that separated us from the Col. This mountain, though not the highest, gives its name to the entire range and, except for Monte Viso, is better situated than any other for a general view of the Western Alps. Those who have climbed much know that the best views are not generally obtained from the highest peaks, while some of the grandest views in the Alps are seen from the passes. Although from the summit of a high mountain more than one hundred other peaks may be often seen, and the outlook from a pass is usually restricted to a few, these are near at hand and impressive, because their summits have the artistically essential element of height, and to this is added the depth to the glaciers below; while ridges and snowfields lead the eye to the main peak and assist the judgment in estimating its gigantic proportions.

The view that suddenly opened out from the snowy summit of the pass fulfilled our utmost expectations. On the right the Ailefroide, its northern face decorated by an immense hanging glacier, towered 2,000ft. above us; from the Glacier Noir, 800ft. below, the Pelvoux rose in two almost perpendicular cliffs for more than three thousand feet, isolated streaks of white here and there indicating ledges covered by snow. Glaciers streamed down the gaps between the main peaks, which were



fractured and twisted into many fantastic forms, and sometimes circled by bands of vapour which rose and fell and lazily drifted while the rest of the sky was cloudless. The summits suddenly showed clear, the sun lighted the brown rocks and created a

(8,935ft.) on the slopes of Mont Pelvoux; the weather was superb, and the magnificent crimson glow of the sunset on the lofty snowfields of Monte Viso, forty miles distant, augured well for the morrow. The sudden appearance of a large pyramid



D. McLeish.

## CLIFFS OF MONT PELVOUX (12,973ft.)

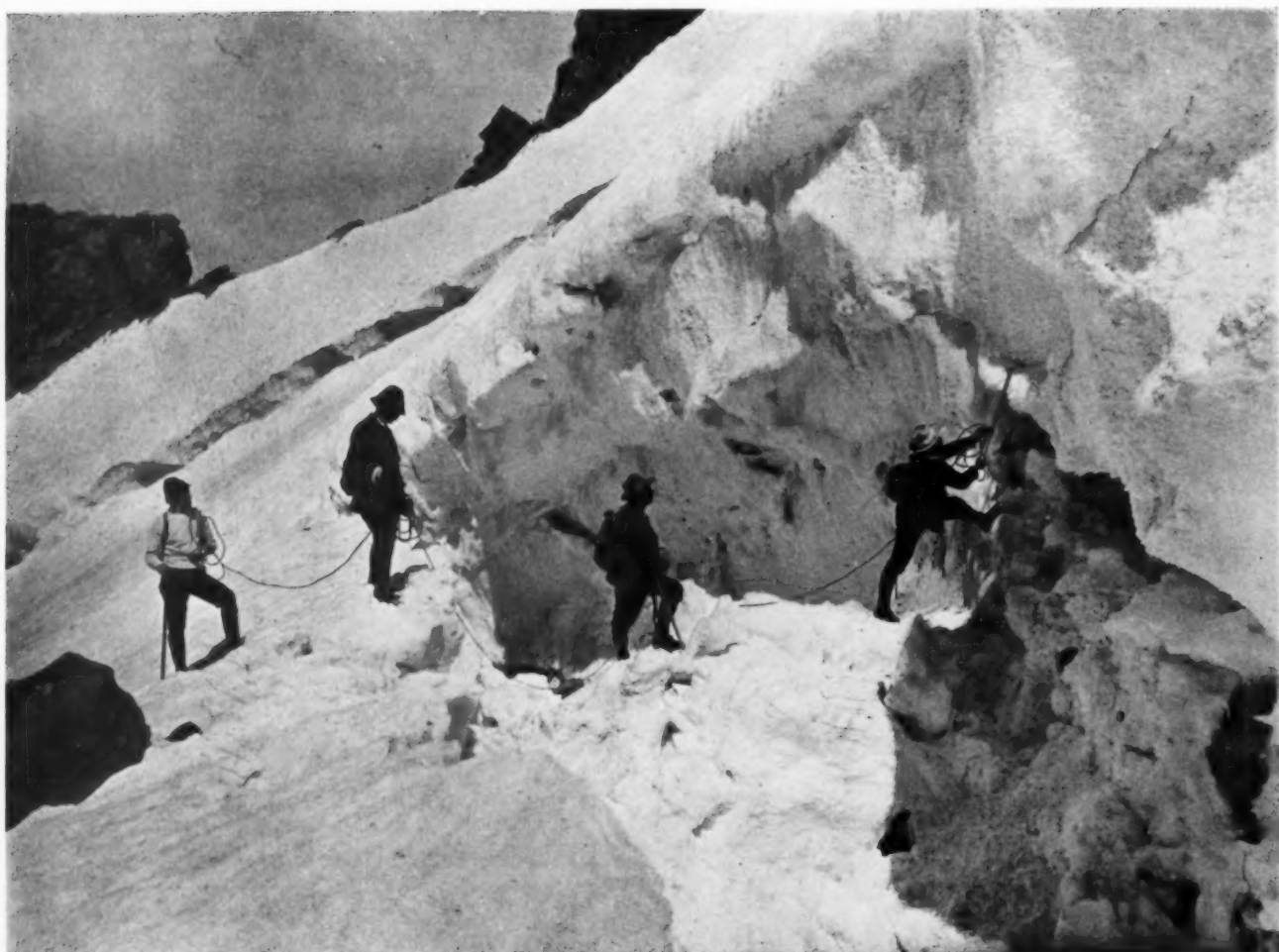
(First ascended by the late Mr. Whymper.)

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thousand shadows. I seized this opportunity to photograph Mont Pelvoux.

A few hours later, following a tedious scramble over rocky buttresses, we reached the recently erected Lemerrier hut

of shadow stretching across the sky with its apex meeting the eastern horizon caused some discussion; it was some time before we realised that it was the shadow of the mountain on which we stood projected into space; the whole form was distinct



D. McLeish.

CUTTING A WAY UP THE ICE WALLS OF THE BERGSCHRUND.

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and several shades darker than the surrounding sky. The phenomenon suddenly vanished and the stars blazed out with the brilliance and variety of colour only seen at high altitudes. The temperature rapidly dropped to freezing point and we went into the hut, where our guide, who was an excellent cook, like most of his class, had some soup ready for us; with a leg of mutton, an ox tongue, three bottles of wine and other refreshment, we did well. A photograph taken by magnesium light terminated dinner and sent us coughing and spluttering to our bunks smoked out. Before dawn we slipped and stumbled over rocks and across snow-filled couloirs until we reached, just after sunrise, a small plateau of rock, tenanted by goats, who, urged forward by curiosity and a craving for salt, surged round us in a free and easy manner. We were at a height of over ten thousand feet and there seemed to be no food for them. The salt we distributed on the rocks disappeared rapidly, and the paper bag which had contained it was discovered by an enterprising

beast and devoured. They accompanied us to the edge of the snowfield, but would go no further.

Not a cloud marred the grandeur of a view that extended over valleys and glaciers and mountains for one hundred and fifty miles in every direction, when we stood on the summit of Mont Pelvoux three hours later; seventy-five miles to the north was the snow-crowned massif of Mont Blanc; to the right were the Grand Combin, the Dent Blanche, the Matterhorn, the Mischabel and Monte Rosa. To the south the Maritime Alps;

to the south-west we looked over the beautiful icefall of the Sélé Glacier (the largest in Dauphine) to the lofty crest of Le Bans, the pointed Pic des Aupillous, and beyond to the distant mountains of Auvergne. Crawling to the edge and looking down we could see the little rocky saddle of the Col du Temple, our resting-place of the previous day; while from the bottom of the gulf on the left rose the rock wall of the Ailefroide, crowned with its serrated ridge and practically devoid of snow. D. McL.



D. McLeish.

ON THE SUMMIT OF MONT PELVOUX.

Ailefroide (12,893ft.) in background.

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PANORAMA FROM THE SUMMIT OF MONT PELVOUX

D. McDick.

*Mrs. G. A. Barton.*

THE SPIRIT OF SPRING.

*Copyright.*





Mrs. G. A. Barton.

GATHER YE ROSEBUDS WHILE YE MAY  
OLD TIME IS STILL A-FLYING.

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## THE SPIRIT OF DEVOTION.

SIR,—The enclosed photograph depicts a scene which will be familiar to your readers who travel in Brittany. It represents pins stuck into the foot of a Calvary pedestal by girl pilgrims who have taken part in a pardon ceremony, and who desire to become married during the coming year.—W. G. MEREDITH.

**M**R. MEREDITH'S letter is calculated to create that state of mind which leads to musings without method. After the Pardon, when the Breton girl feels as good as religious observance can make her, she prays for what she wants most and sticks a pin into the base of the Calvary as if to give the object of her petition a token by which he will remember it. But the charm of the incident lies in the fact that she does not think. In a guileless, innocent belief that would grace those who "fleeted the time away as they did in the Golden Age," she accepts and acts on a tradition. And she is not ashamed of her simple belief. Our own rustics are probably as credulous as those of Brittany, but they fear ridicule. If a girl trustingly drops a pin in the wishing well, she slips away as quietly as a lapwing to its nest, lest her more knowing friends should laugh. How many people still turn the money in their pockets and make a wish when they see the new moon for the first time? These cases differ from that of the Breton girl because they are untouched by any spirit of devotion. An idea of a system of rewards and penalties seems to have been born with human thought. In the paganism of the world's morning it led not only to vows but sacrifices. The Roman soldier joined in a hymn to the god of Dawn as sunrise began to glow along the grim encampments of the Roman Wall, and the Christian knight vowed a pilgrimage or an offering of candles to his protecting saint.

Attitudes of devotion were most likely instinctive at first. The conquered man grovelled at the feet of the conqueror because he would be felled if he did not. He clasped the knees of his foe when he asked for mercy, because it was natural for him to do so. In the scholarly production of "Edipus Rex" at Covent Garden last year, the suppliants used the same gesture, raised the same forest of white arms and praying hands in addressing the King and in addressing



W. G. Meredith.

PINS IN THE CALVARY.

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the Divinity. The Latin mind and the Oriental mind are alike in making the act of submission abject and complete. We see the Arab Mussulman falling prostrate at the sound of the muezzin. In the Roman Catholic Church the art of doing reverence has been raised to its highest pitch. Before the eyes of all, the worshipper turns to the East and kneels and crosses himself in the appointed time and way. It came natural to the Anglo-Saxon character to rebel against this. The Reformation, in so far as it was a religious and not a political movement, was largely a revolt against the growing belief that a soul could be saved by forms and ceremonies. Calvinism and its off-shoots went to the other extreme. The stern, austere Presbyterians, as they existed from the time of John Knox up to the beginning of the present century, believed in the inner life, but not in giving it an outward and visible sign. Not long ago there died a distinguished minister of the Church of Scotland, who all his life upheld the tradition of simplicity in worship, and resisted the attempts successfully made to beautify the Presbyterian service. He was a relentless foe of "hunkering," or kneeling, and would have his congregation stand at prayer and sit during praise. "Human songs and hymns" he could not endure, but confined the singing to the Psalms and Paraphrases, and believed that the halting rhymed version of the former that children had to learn by heart with the Shorter Catechism, when Robert Louis Stevenson was young, was more inspired than the "prelatical" prose chanted in Anglican churches. An organ was to him a "kistfu' o' whistles."

He and his kind who "roll'd the psalm to wintry skies" formed a striking contrast to those who worshipped in pomp and ceremony with bows and genuflections amid air thick with incense and throbbing with organ music. From the East all this appears to have come, and the rational West traces it to human custom. To this day Oriental is almost a synonym for magnificence. Between the Eastern potentate and subjects who were his slaves there was and is a difference of degree very different from the comparatively small difference between, say, a Frankish Duke and his soldierly followers. Men and women had not only to obey those magnificent Sovereigns of whom so



A. Keighley.

THE WORSHIPPERS.

Copyright.





J. Shaw.

FLOWERS FOR THE ALTAR.

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many are mentioned in history; they had to prostrate themselves before them. And the idea of Deity was a magnified Ruler. Hence the Arab falls down and worships the King of the Whole World and of the worlds that have been and are to come. In China and Japan the mortal and immortal dovetail into one another.

Yet, though the attitude is so unlike, the spirit is the same, for it is a recognition of the Unseen. A generation ago, when science was springing assertively to its feet, the spirit of devotion was regarded merely as a gateway for the entry of superstitions. Men like Herbert Spencer and Huxley, in a perfectly honest indignation, argued that time and knowledge and infinite patience had been employed to clear away the cobwebs of misbelief that for generations had been swathed round the human mind; or, to change the simile, the legion of devils that had been cast out are ever seeking to re-enter. "To understand all is to pardon all," said the Frenchman, and an apparent aggressiveness and intolerance in their attitude is explained by this. But time has brought other changes. Now that the discoveries of the nineteenth century have been digested and assimilated, it is realised that we are still, like Newton, only children on the shore of the sea of knowledge, picking up pebbles. Chemistry

a man has been or is a devoted lover is a title to forgiveness for almost any sin. The dead statesman can be laid with no finer epitaph than that "he was devoted to the public interest," and the soldier cannot die better than in devotion to his country. Who can praise too highly the devoted son and the devoted mother? And why? Because the essence and spirit of devotion is the abnegation of self; it is to fight, work and act always with an ulterior, a higher motive.

Strip any avocation of this spirit, and it immediately becomes mean and sordid. Take the making of money as an example. Mankind has ever held, most rightly, that there is nothing in human nature more contemptible than the money-grubber. To live, labour and hoard for the mere purpose of accumulating wealth, to add pound to pound for the miserable joy of possession only, entitles a man to no respect when living, and when at last the grim timekeeper taps him on the back with the warning "Time to go," and he must pass naked out of the world as he came naked into it, the best he can hope for is to be forgotten. But it is very different if a good reason can be found for his frugality, as was the case with a lady who died a few years ago. Many who criticised her niggardly ways when living were loud in her praise after death, when it was discovered that



M. Emil Frechon.

#### THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

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has carried us far, but it has disappointed much expectation by stopping dead before the attempt to explain the origin of life, or, in fact, the origin of anything. Recognition of its limitations has produced a wide and general tolerance. Few nowadays are so bigoted that they will disallow the possibility of any belief which gives comfort and consolation to their neighbour. Even the American millionaires, often accused of being the most materialistic of men, have given a significant proof that they are not. Among them, at all events, are a few serious-minded and thoughtful men who have publicly shown how they recognise that spiritual and even physical ruin is the inevitable sequel to materialism. They hold that no nation and no race has ever conquered and remained conquering unless it had faith, which is in very deed the real spirit of devotion. Accursed is "the goal that hath no goal beyond it set in all the sea." Hence they have among them subscribed funds for teaching the crowd of workers that no good is to be done save by those who recognise that there is a something unseen which imparts a higher aim to all their endeavour.

And now emerges once more the spirit of devotion. By custom it is associated with religion, and yet in mundane life there is no adjective which conveys a higher meaning. That

for the length of a long life she had toiled and saved not to glorify herself, not even to endow relations best left to their own efforts, but in order that she might establish on a sound basis the institution for which she had laboured. It was the disclosure of her devotion that made clear her title to fame. So with other pursuits. The cause dignifies the fighter. And if we descend to smaller things, even in the games of youth it is the secondary motive that tells. The cricketer who plays for his own average only may excel in skill, but never will be so esteemed as the one who cares little for his own laurels but much for those of his side, the school, college, county or country which he represents.

No doubt it may lead to eccentricities, especially in the case of the simple-minded, who have a way of applying their faith in a most literal manner. The girl's faith in the Virgin causes her to imagine that she will send whatever is asked. Even ministers of religion have been known to address curiously friendly and familiar petitions to the Divinity, as in the case of the Orcadian, who thirty years ago always inserted in his prayer a petition that when the whales came, the Lord would not forget Eday—a rocky island in whose bay the bottle-nose is occasionally stranded.





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IN SIENA CATHEDRAL.

J. Shaw.

## HORSES AT THE ACADEMY.

GENERALLY speaking, there is a noticeable lack of originality in the treatment and composition of what may be called the "horse" pictures exhibited in this year's Academy; and it is curious, too, to note that of all the forms of sport shared in by man and horse, hunting should be the only one which seems to have appealed to artists. Be that as it may, No. 28, "Gone Away," by Charles E. Stewart, is a good picture, good because it is true alike to Nature and to the incident it represents. Very workmanlike are the good grey hunter and the man who sits on his back. Many a time we have waited outside just such a covert, many a time as the magic "Gone away" rang out we have thrown away the half-smoked cigar, shoved our hat on our head, rammed our feet home in the irons and settled ourselves down to follow as best we could, the flying hounds running "mute on a burning scent breast high." A picture, this, good for the youth with all the pleasures of the coming years before him to look upon; better still, perhaps,

the equine members of the group. No. 462, "The Passing Train," by Lucy Kemp Welch, is the next "horse" picture we come to, and stop at. With the remark that the rolling cloud of steam or smoke from the passing train might with advantage be less "solid," criticism ceases, for feeling, draughtsmanship and colour are most excellent. It is long since Miss Welch made for herself a well-deserved reputation, but it is doubtful if she has ever done better work than in this her latest effort. Once or twice it has seemed to the writer that she was in danger of fixing one individual type of horse in her eye—that there was, in fact, a "Kemp Welch" horse—but any such doubts are dissipated by the freshness and originality of her Academy picture of this year. These horses are such as may be met with any day and anywhere, but they are full of character. Each in his own manner, the wheelers show their dislike to the roar of the passing train and the smell of the steam, while the near-side leader is "nudging" his staid companion, as much as to



From a Painting

THE PASSING TRAIN.

By Lucy Kemp Welch.

to serve to remind the veteran of the glorious days that were.

Rambling along we come to No. 136, "The Wind on the Heath," by A. J. Munnings. There is, indeed, no need to look at the catalogue to ascertain the artist's name, for the signature is in the work itself. Doubtful we may be, perhaps, of the yellow light on the mane of the off-side horse, and it is possible that the shadow is a little too blue; but the artist has probably truly portrayed things as he saw them, and, after all, what matter trifles such as these when, in very truth, the wind is on the Heath, when the air is full of dancing golden sunlight, and the artist has fixed an atmosphere upon his canvas? Somehow or other, though, when, having realised and appreciated the breadth and soundness of Mr. Munnings' work, one comes to look again into details, one wonders why he could not have found a less "wooden-headed" type of horse, and why he should have painted the same animal over again in "A Norfolk Sandpit" (No. 718), another sunlit, breezy picture, full of artistic feeling and perception.

"Charles Garvice and His Daughters Winifred and Olive" (No. 126, Frederic Whiting) is a pleasing picture, nicely treated and sufficiently satisfactory with regard to

say, "You and I know all about that, don't we?" just as one often sees steady horses do when something happens that might have upset more excitable nerves. The landscape, too, is good, and the breadth and sober vigour the subject is treated with, contribute not a little to the making of a very good picture.

"A Fox Hunt in the Midlands," No. 130, by Harold S. Power, is a bold and, on the whole, successful attempt to show a hunt in progress. Some of the horses are coming straight out of the picture, hounds, too, are slipping away; movement there is, and with the possible exception of the ploughed field away on the left, the picture is a very pleasing one. Horses, of course, figure prominently in No. 363, "Balacava," by Charles E. Stewart. A powerful picture, terrible in its realism and grim earnestness of purpose. "Into the jaws of death" the horsemen ride unflinchingly—we can hear "Cannon to right of them, cannon to left of them"; the artist, too, has heard that sullen roar, he has raged in that tremendous fight, and the vision that remained he has fixed for ever upon his canvas. From this terrible presentment of strife we may turn with a feeling of relief to Helena (Countess) Gleichen's excellent portrait group, No. 331, of Gerald Dudley Smith, Esq., Lady





*From a Painting*

A NORFOLK SANDPIT.

*By Alfred J. Munnings.*



*From a Painting*

THE WIND ON THE HEATH.

*By Alfred J. Munnings.*

Barbara D. Smith and Davis, the huntsman—"The Croome Hunt"; and our next stop will be made at No. 485, "Startled," by Rowland Wheelwright. The colour-scheme here is sound all through, and the draughtsmanship excellent; nothing could be "easier" than the style in which the huntsman and his horse are "flipping" over the fence, or the way the leading hounds are "cracking along." Nor could the sudden stop of the startled plough-horses be more naturally rendered. Another good hunting picture is No. 823, "Out with the Cotswold Hunt, Near Broadway," by George F. Nicholls. Here are horses that are hunters, hounds that are hounds, and the "hunt is up."

Of great interest, both from a public and artistic point of view, is No. 428, "Dewy Morning" (E. Herbert Wydale). The title is apt, for the picture "smells" of the early morn; it is fresh with the dew and fragrant with the perfume of the unmistakably good cut of hay in the stacks. Before man and horses there lies an honest day's work, and if in their movements they show no particular anxiety to be setting about it, one feels, none the less, their task will be well and duly accomplished.

No. 966, "Homewards," by Septimus E. Scott, might well serve as a pendant to E. Herbert Wydale's charming

A natural question to ask is what we should expect to find of an interesting character in a book like this. The answer is simple. It certainly is not history, as the author used his imagination very freely, but it is a mixture of fact and fiction in the narration of which Deloney has painted the old manners with a vivid touch. He was also possessed of a very keen dramatic sense. Although most of the story is told in a vein of light humour, the murder scene is worthy of the time of Shakespeare, so vigorously are the characters outlined and so piteous are the emotions described. The time of the tale is that of Henry I., and the *dramatis personæ* are nine of the great weavers of the day. Thomas Cole, or Old Cole, as he was familiarly called, belonged to Reading, which was the great centre of the weaving trade until the industry was ruined by the outbreak of Civil War in 1640.

In the beginning an anecdote is told of King Henry passing Reading on his way to Wales. First he met a great number of wains laden with cloth coming to London, and on enquiry was told they were "Cole's, of Reading." He asked again and again as the long string passed by, and always received the same answer. Two hundred wains went by, during which the King and his train were stopped on the road, so that he became irritated and said: "I should think Old Cole hath

commissioned all the carts in the country to carry his cloth!" When he was within a mile of Staines, His Majesty met another company of wains laden with cloth and, on asking whose they were, was told "Goodman Sutton's, of Salisbury." Now those merchant weavers were men of merriment as well as of business. When Gray of Gloucester and William of Worcester came to Reading, their custom was to ask Old Cole to accompany them to London. Tom Dove, a *bon viveur*, who "could not digest his meat without music, nor drink wine without women," at the inn where they stopped used to assemble a company consisting of his landlady and two or three of her gossips and "they were all merry as magpies." When they came to London they stayed at the hostel of Gerard the Giant, which, according to Stowe, was on the south side of Basing Lane. The next morning they went to Gerard's Hall, where they met the Northern clothiers, with whom they played dice as well as bought and sold. While some played, the others took



From a Painting

By Frederic Whiting.

CHARLES GARVICE AND HIS DAUGHTERS WINIFRED AND OLIVE.

picture, "Dewy Morn," for here the day is done, the sun is westering in the sky, and, happily content, two sturdy cart-horses are plodding their way home along a shady lane. A few other "horse" pictures there are; but the present notice must come to a conclusion with mention of the bold, clean drawing and dignified treatment of Georges Scott's equestrian portrait (No. 477) of the King.

## WORTHIES OF THE WEST.

IT is proverbially refreshing when one is satiated with new books to take an old one down from the shelf. Miss Dorothy Senior has acted on this principle in reprinting *Some Old English Worthies* (Stephen Swift), edited with notes and introduction. There are altogether four pieces in her book—Thomas of Reading, George a Green, Roger Bacon and Friar Rush. The most amusing of these is undoubtedly Thomas of Reading. Its author, Thomas Deloney, combined the occupations of silkmaker, ballad-maker and pamphleteer. He would appear to have written it early in the seventeenth century, as the earliest edition that remains is dated 1612. The version given by Miss Senior is taken from a copy of the edition of 1642.

their pleasure each according to his own humour. Tom Dove called for music, William of Worcester for wine, Sutton for merry tales, but "Simon of Southampton slipped away to the pottage-pot in the kitchen; for he esteemed a mess of pottage more highly than a venison pasty." We then have a Chaucerian episode dealing with Cuthbert of Kendal, "whom no meat pleased so well as mutton laced in a red petticoat." In this episode we make early acquaintance with the fair at Gloucester, which is thus described:

It was an old custom, in Gloucester, that at a certain time of the year all such young men and maidens as were out of service should resort to a fair he'd near Gloucester, there to await anyone who would come to hire them. The young men stood in a row on one side, the maids on the other.

Those who know Gloucester, or who remember it twenty years ago, will recognise in this an approximate picture of what happens to-day. Among the young women who stood in a row waiting to be hired was Margaret, daughter of the unfortunate Earl of Shrewsbury, whose love-story is a cardinal part of the booklet. The King's brother, Duke Robert, ultimately fell in love with her and was captured in attempting an elopement. According to the story Margaret pleaded for his life. The boon was granted, but on condition that Duke Robert should be reduced to blindness and Margaret should witness the operation



It is a moving tale even at this time of day. Sightless Robert lived twenty-nine years, and Margaret made a vow never to marry and to become a nun in the Abbey of Gloucester :

"Farewell to the pride and vanity of this world!" quoth she.

Next she gave away the ornaments of her head, and was led aside to be stripped; and instead of her soft silk smock, a rough hair shirt was put over her shoulders. Then came one who cut off her golden hair with a pair of shears, and smeared her face and head with dust and ashes. This done, she was again brought, barefooted, before the people.

"Now farewell to the world, farewell the pleasures of this life, farewell my lord the King, and to the Duke's sweet love farewell!" said she. "Now shall mine eyes weep for my former transgressions, and no more shall my tongue talk of vanity. Fare thee well, my dear master and dame! Farewell, good people all!"

This golden vein of love-story is woven into a tissue of comedy.

The wives of the weavers were as much intent on enjoyment as their husbands. Simon of Southampton's wife thus spoke her mind to him :

"Good Lord, husband, will you never be so kind as to let me go to London with you? Must I for ever be pent up in Southampton like a parrot in a cage, or a hen in a coop? For all my trouble and care I would ask no more of you than to have a week in which to see that fair city. What is life, if it be not mixed with some enjoyment? And what enjoyment is more pleasant than to see the manners and fashions of places unknown? Therefore, good husband, if you love me, deny not this simple request. You know I am no habitual gadabout, nor have I often troubled you to travel. God knoweth, this may be the last thing I shall ever ask of you!"

The request was granted, and so we get her and good-wife Sutton from Salisbury, Gray's wife and Dame Fitzallen, and Cole's wife, who all went up to town together :

When the merchants of London heard that they were in town, they invited them every day to their own houses, where they had delicate good cheer; and when they went abroad to see the sights, the merchants' wives bore them company, attired so daintily that the clothiers' wives fretted because they had not the like fine things to wear.

This is a very vivid account of London as it probably was in the time of the writer.

George a Green, The History of Roger Bacon and Friar Rush are excellent in their way, but they are not so well written and lack the human interest of Thomas of Reading. There are other documents of the past extremely like them; but the history of Thomas supplies something for which we look to history in vain. The national chronicle deals with events more than with persons. It tells us that the wool trade produced many prosperous merchants before the Wars of the Roses; but it says nothing of the doings of the individual. There is nothing in the past which paints society with the pen of even a third-rate novelist of to-day. Suppose that four hundred years after this someone was anxious to know the method of life and conversation of the London of to-day; he would find it all set down in imaginative literature; but the documents relating to the early centuries which give this in a vivid and

realistic manner are few and far between. There are some like George a Green, which certainly affords hints, but verge so closely on what is purely legendary, that one cannot draw the line between fact and invention. The delightful scenes which are supposed to have taken place between George a Green and his lady love, on the one part, and Robin Hood and Maid Marion on the other, are born of the writer's fancy, and this fancy had to turn so far backwards that it had little more to work on than is supplied to the romantic novelist of the present moment.

Friar Rush, again, belongs to that folk-lore literature which certainly has very great interest and value, but not by



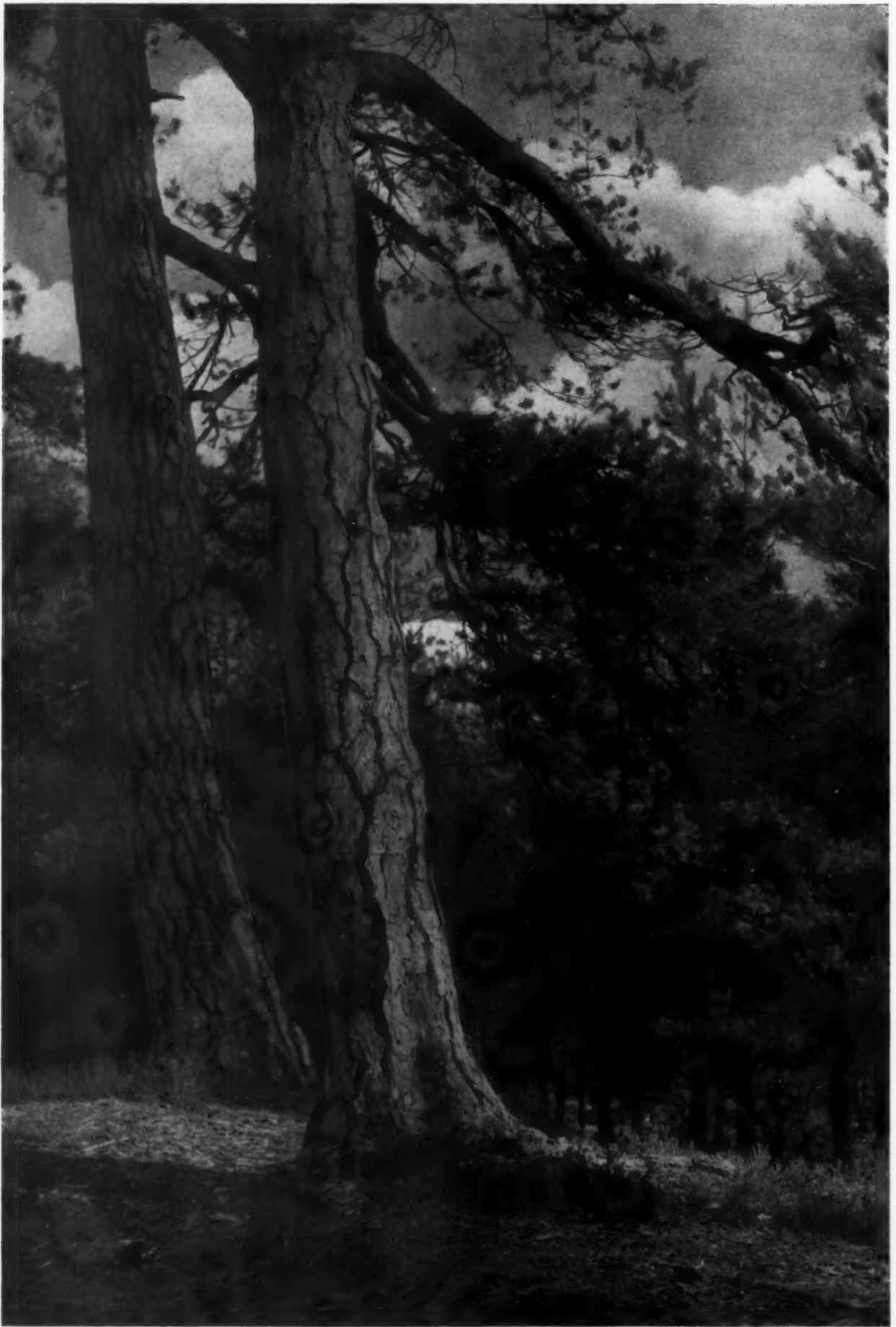
From a Painting

HORSES AT THE ACADEMY: GONE AWAY.

By Charles E. Stewart.

any means of the same kind as Thomas of Reading. The one is a sort of half-history, half-novel, and the other must be classed as folk-lore; so that the effect of printing them together is to take away a feeling of unity that the book would otherwise have. Still, it is not our intention at all to criticise a volume that has been read with unalloyed pleasure. It is very seldom, indeed, that one reads an old book with the same widespread curiosity which is aroused by the original work of a contemporary; yet this was the case with the book before us, and for that reason, if for no other, our thanks are due to the editor.

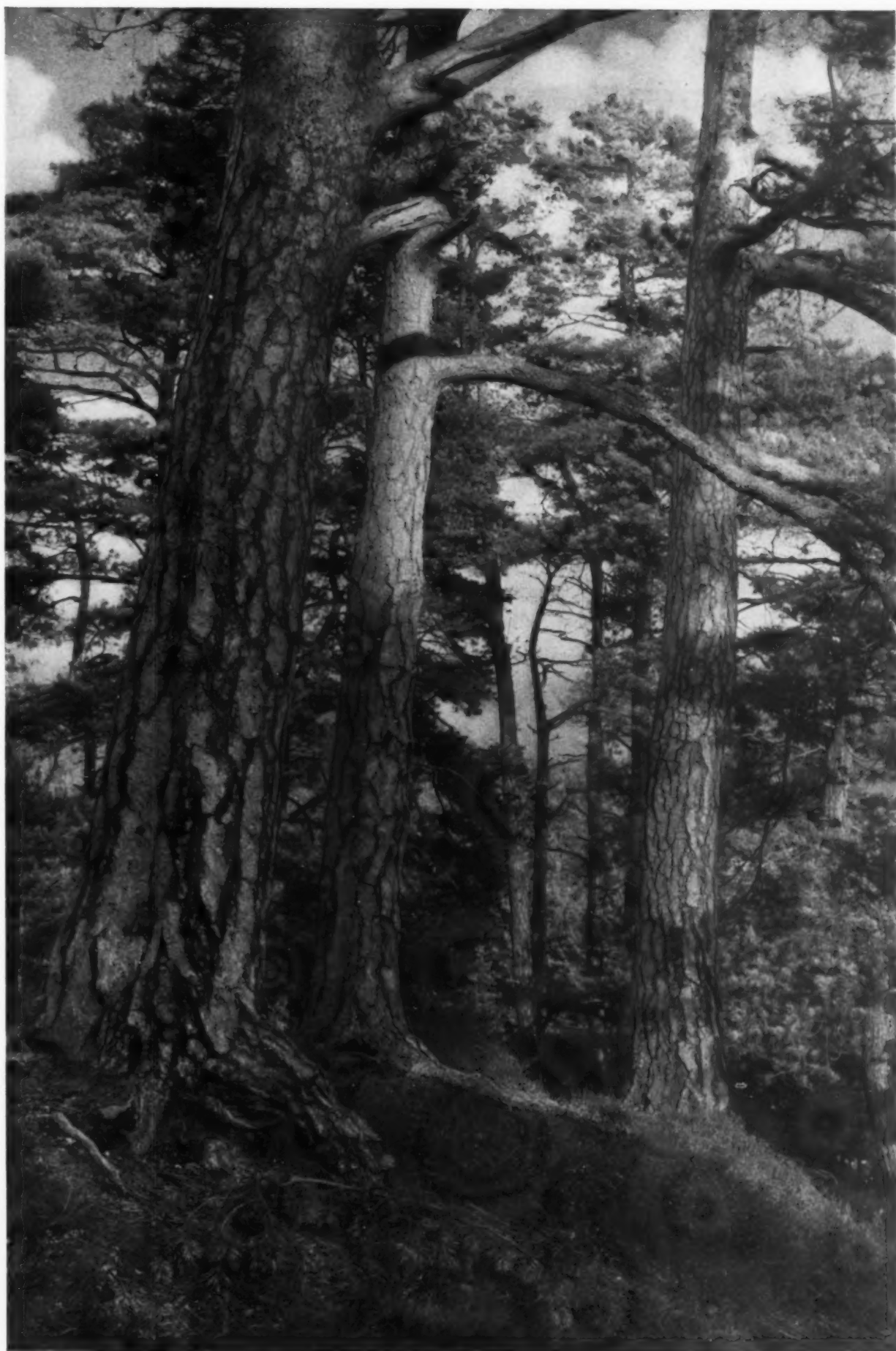




C. de Neuville.

THE VANGUARD OF THE FOREST.

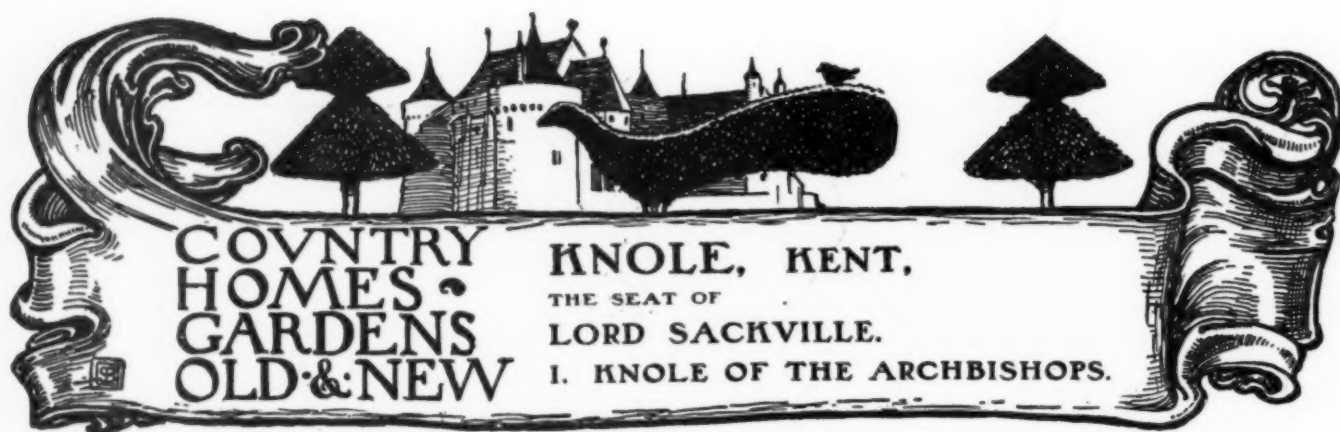
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*C. de Neuville*

"TIME-HONOURED ON THEIR WIND-SWEPT HEIGHT."

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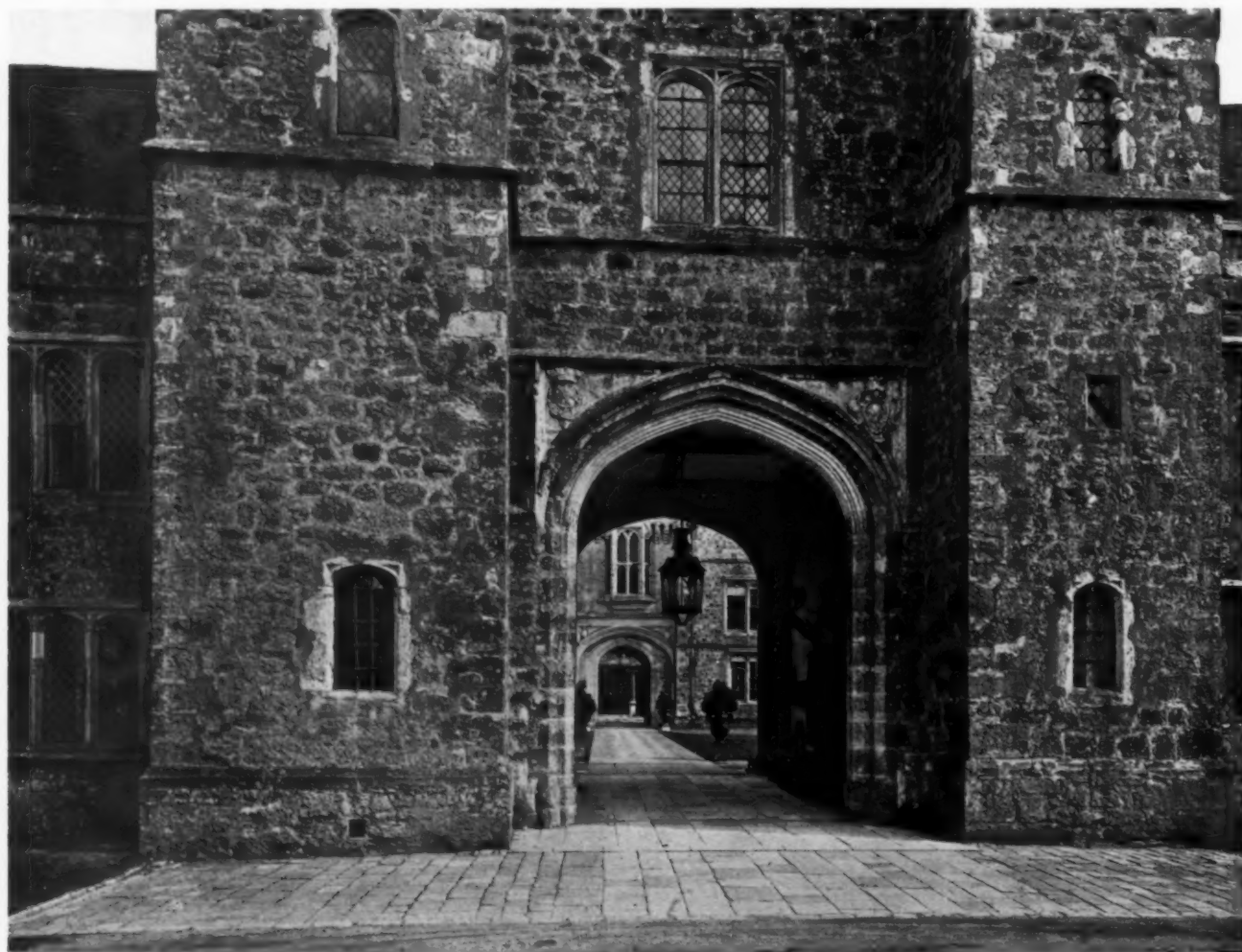


**E**VER since 1603, Knole has been the chief home of the Sackvilles, and a visitor, rendered enthusiastic by the remarkable excellence of the house and its contents, might well propound the syllogism that England is the premier land for country homes, that Knole is the premier country home of England, and that therefore Knole is the premier country house of the world. Such a view may be rather too sweeping to meet with unreserved and universal acceptance; but that it is not altogether extravagant will be generally felt, not only by those who know Knole, but also by readers of COUNTRY LIFE after they have seen the numerous and thoroughly representative illustrations that accompany this and subsequent articles.

We have, indeed, noble houses of equal size, of greater sumptuousness, of more complete and synchronal architectural design, such as Burghley and Hatfield, Blenheim and Castle Howard. We have others that can claim a longer period of inhabitation and a survival of portions dating from remoter times. Such are Penshurst and Warwick, Berkeley and Maxstoke. But is there another that on so large a scale, in so comprehensive a manner and in so untouched a condition presents us so vividly with a picture of what is best and most

typical of that period of stately yet picturesque house-building, Continentally influenced yet strongly native, for which we have no better name than the "Early Renaissance," and which had its beginnings as the Tudors were mounting the throne and continued till the second Stewart fell from it? It was in that period that Knole came into being and assumed its present proportions. Its earliest features date from the time of the last generation of the Plantagenets. The most general and arresting characteristics of its outward and inward appearance were given to it under the first of the Stewarts. Of course, there are later touches, for it has ever since been a favourite seat of men of wealth who have maintained it in good condition and introduced the fashions of their own day. Thus, there are certain Palladian ingredients which, if not essential to the recipe, enrich without marring; while some neo-Gothic sauces needful to stimulate the early nineteenth century palate must certainly be regretted and yet may be swallowed without a wry face and with a feeling of thankfulness that they were meted out here with far more restraint than was at all usual at the time.

A house where so much conservatism has been the rule and where there has been no change of ownership for three



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ENTRANCE THROUGH THE OUTER GATEWAY TO THE GREEN COURT. "COUNTRY LIFE."



centuries might be expected to yield among its muniments ample records of its inception and its evolution. There might be authentic plans of the original or the altered fabric, letters with allusions to additions and alterations, inventories reciting the contents under succeeding generations, bills from the builders and cabinet-makers employed by various owners.

are almost entirely lacking, and that the narrative of the making of Knole must largely be compiled from the evidence of its own details and from inferences drawn from the circumstances and inclinations of its successive owners. Such, quite as much as the acceptance of previous accounts and of fanciful traditions, have been the sources of the present



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BOURCHIER'S GATEHOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

*Elevation to Green Court.*

Such, where they occur, give reliable data for a positive and precise architectural history of the house to which they relate. It would be interesting indeed to be able to place Knole in this category, for thus a most illuminating page in the annals of English architecture and its associated crafts could be written. Regretfully, therefore, it must be announced that such writings

description, which for that very reason is sketchy rather than complete, conjectural rather than conclusive.

Though many have had a hand in producing the Knole of to-day, two men stand prominently forward as its authors, and if the history of so great and varied a pile is to be condensed into nutshell space, it is convenient and not incorrect

to say that it was built by Archbishop Bourchier in the decade that followed his purchase of the estate in 1457, and was remodelled by Thomas, first Earl of Dorset, in the five years that preceded his death in 1608. Precisely what each of these two found when they began, and what they left when they finished, cannot be laid down; but we shall conclude that Bourchier possibly built on an existing site, that two of his successors

post-Restoration owners to leave their mark on both the fabric and the furnishings.

Among the many castles and manors owned by the mediæval Archbishops of Canterbury, Otford held a fairly important place. It was held by them in demesne and was not infrequently their residence. It was the centre of a considerable territory, including the manors of Chevening, Brasted and Sevenoaks.



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BOURCHIER'S GATEHOUSE.

*Elevation to Stone Court.*

"COUNTRY LIFE."

in the See of Canterbury certainly made additions, that Dorset probably found the place much dilapidated, that his death five years after he had entered into occupation of the house left a good deal of work to be done by his immediate successors, and that the temporary neglect and abandonment of the house under the Commonwealth invited, if it did not compel,

But within the bounds of the parish of Sevenoaks lay also the manor of Knole, and from an early date—as early certainly as the reign of John—Knole had always belonged to the same owners as the neighbouring manors of Seal and Kensing. Frequently this group passed to different families either by inheritance or by purchase, and in the early part



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THE NORTH SIDE AS SEEN FROM THE PARK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of the fifteenth century they were among the possessions of James Fiennes. This cadet of the house of Hurstmonceaux began a successful career under Henry V., while under Henry VI. he was created Lord Saye and Sele, and was one of the officials and favourites who assisted the Duke of Suffolk to make the unpopular peace with France in 1444. How trouble came of it and how Suffolk was murdered at sea in 1450 are well-known matters of history. The men of Kent then rose under Jack Cade and defeated the King's troops at Sevenoaks. Lord Saye and Sele was High Treasurer and also Lord-Lieutenant of Kent, and against him and his sheriff, William Crowmer, the people of Kent were especially angered, for it was said of them that they caused taxation to fall lightly upon themselves and their class but oppressively upon the commonalty. The success at Sevenoaks led to the occupation of London and to the capture and beheading of Saye and

of Crowmer. The son and successor of the murdered minister came into a troublous inheritance, and was unlucky in his warring, for Leland tells us that he "being in renowne was twice taken prisoner whereby he was much punishid by the purse" and was forced partly to mortgage and partly to sell his estates. Fortunately he had married the heiress of the Wykehams of Broughton Castle in Oxfordshire, which his descendants still hold. But the Kentish properties which his father had acquired in his prosperous days had to go. A successful citizen and Lord Mayor of London was the chief purchaser. Sir Geoffrey Boleyn, though as a residence he preferred Blickling in his own native county of Norfolk, had also money to invest in Kentish acres. From the second Lord Saye and Sele, therefore, he bought Hever Castle and the manors of Seal and Kemsing. Why Knole was not included in the purchase we do not know; but the probable reason was that the man of Royal blood who



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THE NORTH SIDE.

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had recently become Primate of England desired to possess it and was powerful enough to make good his wish. Anyhow, as Kilburne tells us in his "Survey" of Kent published in 1659, "Thomas Bouchier about 200 years since bought *Knoll* of the Lord *Say and Seal* and there built a faire House." The date of the indenture is June 30th, 1456.

The new purchaser had for his great-grandfathers Edward III. and that monarch's Chancellor, Robert Bouchier. The latter came of legal stock settled in Essex, and he was the first layman who ever obtained the Lord Chancellorship. He was also a warrior, and fought with the Black Prince at Crecy. His grandson, William, was one of Henry V.'s companions in arms, and by him was given an earldom. He married, as her third husband, Anne Plantagenet, the daughter of Edward III.'s youngest son, Thomas of Woodstock. Their eldest born followed the career of arms, and was the first of the Bouchier line of Earls of Essex, while Thomas, the youngest, was destined for the Church, where family influence, joined to his own capacity, could easily bring him to the front. Preferment began pouring in upon him as soon as he came of age, and before he was thirty he was Bishop of Worcester. In 1444 he was translated to the more opulent See of Ely, where the monkish historian accuses him

at the marriage of that monarch with Elizabeth Wydeville, at the crowning of Richard III., and again at the crowning and the marriage of Henry VII.—the Archbishop took a prominent part. But all through this period he spent much of his time performing his ecclesiastical duties and living in his diocese, and within his diocese *Knole* had become his principal home. Hasted, misreading Kilburne, says that he "rebuilt the manor house of *Knole* and inclosed a park round the same and resided much at it." The word "rebuilt" implies an earlier house, but we have no definite knowledge that *Knole*, any more than *Kemsing* and *Seal*, had been a residential property of its owners. They had always belonged to men with other estates, and there may only have been such a domicile and outbuildings at *Knole* as were necessary for the administration and farming of an unimportant property. Bouchier, then, may have been the first to recognise its capabilities as a fine site for a great house and an ample park conveniently situated close to his manors of *Otford* and *Seven-oaks*. The absence of any considerable house would probably recommend itself to him. Of palaces, dating from older times, he had plenty, such as *Charing* and *Otford* in Kent, *Mayfield* and *Croydon* in Surrey, as well as that which lay under the shadow of his cathedral church at Canterbury and that which



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IN THE STONE COURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of never once officiating in the cathedral except on the day of his installation and of allowing his agents to rack-rent his tenants in order to increase his income. Although in this account there may be a touch of personal malignity, there is no doubt that Bouchier in his earlier days neglected his episcopal duties in favour of the critical politics of Henry VI.'s reign. His dislike to the government of the Duke of Suffolk and Lord Saye and Sele inclined him to the Yorkist faction, and it was after the Duke of York was declared Protector in 1454 that the House of Commons petitioned that he should be appointed to the vacant See of Canterbury for "his grete merits, virtues and grete blood he comes of." It was an excellent appointment, for his high birth, connected with lofty office and his impartiality, enabled him more than once to act as mediator rather than as partisan during the thirty years of internecine strife. He it was who brought about the pacification of 1458 and blessed the King, the Queen and the momentarily reconciled nobles at a thanksgiving service at St. Paul's. After that he retired to his diocese and hoped for a season of peace. But when strife once more broke out, he openly met the Yorkists when they landed in Kent and marched with them to London and thence to Northampton. On all subsequent important occasions—at the crowning of Edward IV.,

stood close to Westminster and London at Lambeth. But at the time of his purchase of *Knole* domestic architecture was making strides in England, especially as regards the arrangement and the multiplication of rooms, and thus a man of Royal blood, of great position and of vast estate would certainly wish to house himself in the best possible manner of his day. The great lay lords were too much engaged in the civil war, with its many turns of the wheel of fortune, to do much building. Not so a great churchman who held the balance between parties and who did not copy the example of some of his episcopal contemporaries, such as *Chicheley* and *Waynfleet*, and build and endow Oxford colleges. *Knole*, therefore, as Bouchier left it, must have been an exceptionally fine and typical example of the country house building of his day, and, despite extensive Jacobean remodelling, we can still get some idea of what it was originally like. As two of his successors are said to have laid out large sums upon it, the whole of the pre-Jacobean work that we find cannot be his. Morton or Warham may have been the first to build three sides of the outer quadrangle, known as the "Green Court." But for the rest, from the gatehouse that divides the Green Court from the Stone Court away to the distant south-east tower next to the chapel, we may be certain that Archbishop Bouchier's great house



"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE EAST SIDE OF THE STONE COURT.

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extended. His mother's first and second husbands had been Earls of Stafford, and the favourite badge of the Staffords was the knot. For instance, her eldest son, who became Duke of Buckingham, when preparing to defend the Lancastrian cause in the year that his half-brother, Bourchier, became Archbishop, is said by Sir John Paston to have ordered "to be made M<sup>r</sup>. M<sup>r</sup>. bendes with knottes," no doubt to set upon the livery of his men. The Archbishop adopted the same badge, and it is still to be seen carved on one of the corbels of the room over the entrance arch and also in the spandrels of a fireplace in the south-east tower. Despite the troublous time in which he lived, he seems to have relied upon his ecclesiastical character rather than upon any fortifications for the defence of his house against anything more than very weak marauding bands. Yet it is probable that, if he did not erect the whole of the Green quadrangle, he had some sort of walled enclosure in front of his gatehouse and its flanking buildings, since even such windows as remain untouched—and there are several even on the ground floor—are of considerable size and have somewhat wider lights than were usual in his day. The others were altered subsequently, and were given their present size by using old mullions and heads, but setting a considerable new piece in the centre of the latter to give the lights much greater width. This was probably done at the same time that the proportions and



Copyright. A CORNER OF THE WATER COURT. "C.L."

appearance of the gatehouse were injured by the addition of the central, tower-like block of masonry with a sham Gothic arch and tracery that sustains the clock turret. It appears in the plate in Hasted's Kent published in 1778, but not in Badeslade's drawing dating from earlier in that century. Bourchier's design was of a pair of three-storeyed flanking towers with a lower centre having an oriel window over the entrance arch. The latter has angels holding shields of his arms in the spandrels. The former is traceried, and breaks the line of machicolation which gives a defensive aspect, if no real strength, to the building. The oriel room was probably the Archbishop's private chapel, for, as well as the corbel with the knot, there is another sculptured with the letters I. H. S. The archway led to the principal court of the Archbishop's house, and facing it, as was usual, was the great hall. Except where added buildings caused them to be blocked up, it retains its original windows, but every other feature is Jacobean. The size and general disposition, however, have probably not been greatly altered. From the courtyard a doorway opens on to the "screens." To the right the

hall is entered; to the left are the pantry and buttery doors. At the end is a doorway, not opening direct into the court of office—known as the Water Court—but into a porch which had a door into the court on the one side and on the other opened into a servery or hall, across which



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THE SOUTH-EAST CORNER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Showing the junction of the chapel with Bourchier's building.



was the great kitchen, with wide fire-arches and a lofty timbered roof resting on corbels. This seems to have been somewhat curtailed in size, but otherwise very little altered. The position is unusual. As we saw at Penshurst last December, the mediæval kitchens were generally approached down a passage lying between the pantry and the buttery, there being treble doorways on that side of the "screens." The different arrangement at Knole may just possibly have been caused by transforming the hall of an older house into the kitchen, but far more likely was dictated by the nature of the site. There is a rapid drop to the north, and the kitchen would have been, as many of the outbuildings on that side are, at a much lower level than the hall and offices, and this would have been considered inconvenient. The kitchen side of the little inner court is one of the best preserved bits of Bourchier's house. At each end is a two-storeyed projecting porch. More or less centrally rises a great chimney-stack. The composition is balanced without being symmetrical, for the windows are not equally spaced and sized. It is, therefore, very typical of its time.

Bourchier is thought to have begun his building soon after he acquired the estate, and he will, therefore, have had many years' enjoyment of the completed house. Here it was that he heard in August, 1485, that the last of the

be overlooked. He became Master of the Rolls, and in 1479 his old friend, the Archbishop, consecrated him Bishop of Ely. The intrigues of which he pulled the strings and the dangers which he ran under Richard III. are well known, for Sir Thomas More began life as a member of his household, and has made us intimate with his patron's public and private life. To him Henry Tudor largely owed his crown, and seeing in him a most capable minister, he appointed him Lord Chancellor at the moment when the old Archbishop was awaiting death at Knole. A few months later he had succeeded him in the Primacy and in the possession of Knole, where Hasted tells us that he resided much and laid out great sums in repairs and additions. It must be remembered, however, that during the whole of his archiepiscopacy he was Henry VII.'s Lord Chancellor and most active minister, and that, therefore, his residence at Knole must have been very intermittent. We know, however, that he kept Christmas here in 1492, a year after young More had joined his household. In the great hall of Knole, then, we may picture the clever boy, as was his wont when a mystery play was enacted before his patron, "stepping in among the players making up an extemporary part of his own." Here, too, he may have laid the scene described in his "Utopia." The company are sitting at meat. There



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THE WEST SIDE OF THE GREEN COURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Plantagenets had fallen at Bosworth and that Henry Tudor was King. He went to London to anoint him, and was again in London the following January to marry his Sovereign to Elizabeth of York. Then once more—an old man of eighty and near his end—he retired to his favourite home, and there he made his will and passed away in the early spring. To his nephews he left certain lands as well as his cup, "commonly called the great Bolle of Gold." But Knole itself, though his own by purchase, was given to his successors in the See. Soon after he had become Archbishop he had come across a doctor of both civil and canon law practising in the Court of Arches. John Morton was a Dorsetshire man, who distinguished himself at Oxford, and had made a position there and obtained a good deal of church preferment before the new Archbishop noticed him as a lawyer in London and recommended him as a Privy Councillor. Unlike his patron he was a strong partisan, and in spite of being a cleric was with the Lancastrian host at the battle of Towton, where, fighting on the other side, Lord Saye and Sele, the vendor of Knole, was killed. With the Queen, Morton then escaped abroad, where he did much to maintain the Lancastrian cause. But after the battle of Tewkesbury he saw that that cause was lost. He obtained his pardon, and was far too able an administrator to

are English lawyers and clerics, and there is also the jester. Hithlodaye, the foreign reformer, declares against the harshness of English laws against evil-doers. An English lawyer defends them while a friar and the jester begin a quarrel. But the Archbishop, the head of the English law and the chief member of Henry VII.'s somewhat oppressive and unpopular Government, is described as very sympathetic to reform. The veneration that More had for him, as well as the high esteem in which he was held by the best minds of his day, prove that he was a man of broad sympathies and great heart, although the difficult times in which he lived and the stern policy of the master he served very likely led him to act with severity in practice. Like his predecessor, he seems to have been fully eighty when he died. To the very last he remained in harness discharging the onerous duties of his two high offices. But in October, 1500, while at Knole, he was struck down by a quartan ague, from which he had not the strength to recover. During the two years that his successor, Henry Dean, was Archbishop, he had time to desert Knole and rebuild Otford; but when he died in 1503, Warham, who, like Morton, was Lord Chancellor as well as Archbishop, again favoured Knole.

Just as we learn much of Morton's character and domestic life from Sir Thomas More, who lived so much with him in early

life, so another and even greater scholar throws clear light on the manner of man William Warham was. Erasmus found in him a generous patron and a delightful host, who, he declares, "treats me as if he were my father or my brother." He cannot

found, like Morton had done before him, time for worthy entertaining. "Conversation with the learned and literary occupations were his only recreations. Sometimes two hundred persons dined at his table; it was frequented by bishops, dukes



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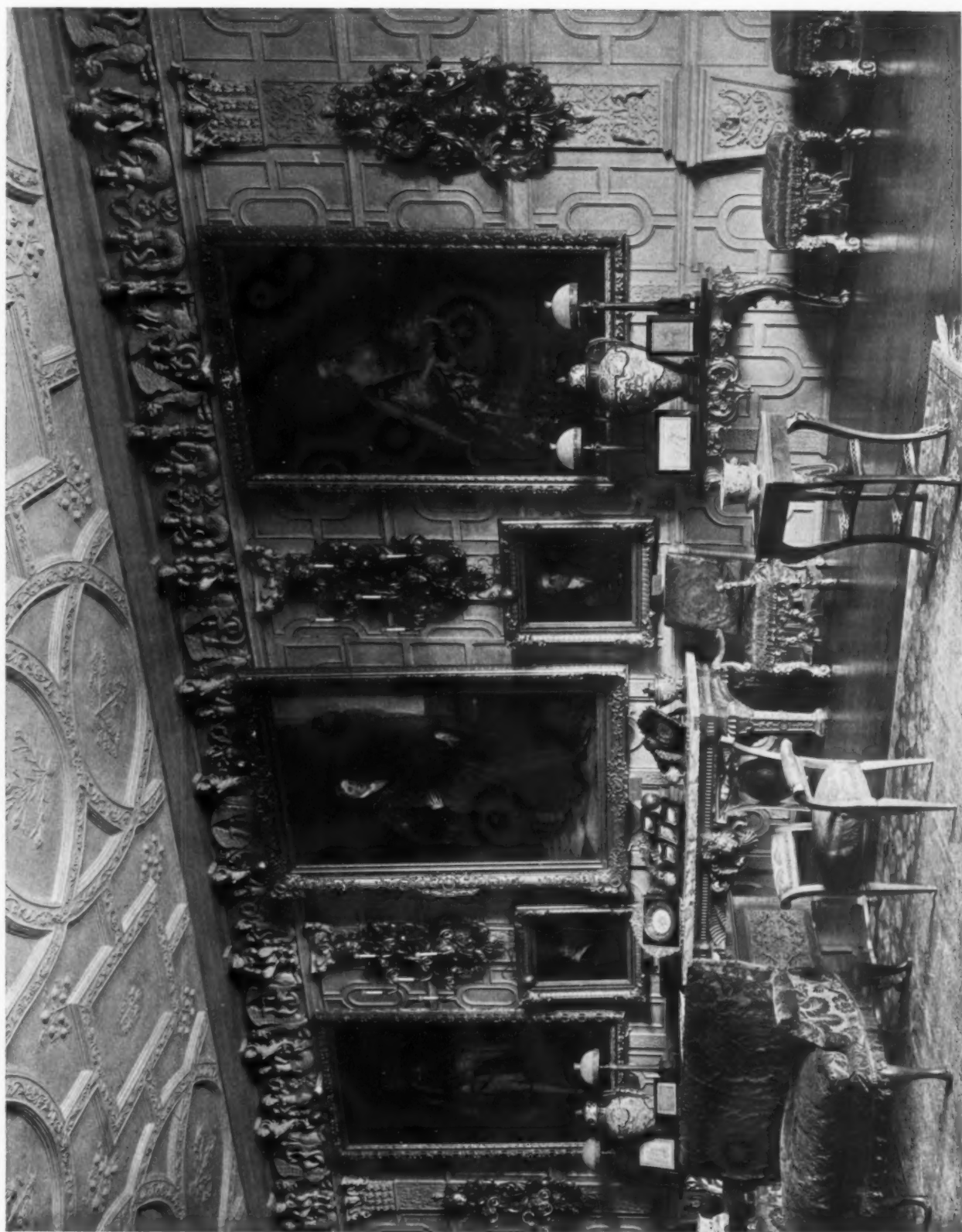
THE BALLROOM MANTEL-PIECE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

praise him too much: "What genius! what copiousness! what vivacity! what facility in the most complicated discussions! what erudition! what politeness!" The busy Archbishop and Lord Chancellor, who never neglected his duties,

and lords; it never took more than an hour of his time; he drank no wine, he was very cheerful; he never supped; but if some of his intimate friends (and he admitted me among them) remained with him till that hour, he sat down to table





"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE EAST WALL OF THE BALLROOM.

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with them, eating nothing or scarcely anything himself. He was fond of wit, and occasionally witty, but his wit had no bitterness. He left behind him no more money than was necessary to pay his debts." The last remark surprises us little, when we read in Lambarde, who published his "Perambulation of Kent" in 1570, that he "bestowed at Otforde thirty and three thousand poundes upon the house that is now to be seene notwithstanding that hee himselfe, Morton his immediate predecessor and Bourchier before him had not long before

friendship with him and probably followed in his footsteps in many directions, including that of building. Wolsey was engaged upon the mighty scheme of creating Hampton Court, and Warham must have considered Knole already out of date, and therefore transferred his affections to Otford. Although the house had been so recently remodelled by Archbishop Dean, yet ideas of magnificence had rapidly developed, and Hasted tells us that Archbishop Warham, "thinking the house too mean for him to reside in . . . rebuilt the whole of it except the hall and the chapel," the cost amounting to the sum mentioned by Lambarde.

Here Henry VIII. certainly visited him in August, 1519, for a member of the Royal Household then writes to Wolsey from Penshurst saying that the Duke of Buckingham is making the King "excellent cheer" at that Kentish seat, but adds, "this night the King goes to Otford." Whether this was an isolated visit to the Archbishop, or whether there is truth in the oft-repeated assertion that Henry VII. and Henry VIII. frequently visited him at Knole, it is a little difficult to decide. In proof of the latter assertion, Hasted refers his readers to Rymer's "Foedera," where certainly we find various Royal letters and other documents dating thence and purporting to be given *per ipsum Regem*. These words, however, may have been occasionally used as a mere form by a Lord Chancellor without the King being absolutely present. If all documents to which the Chancellor at this time affixed the Royal signet were given in the King's presence, then we shall have to believe that he spent a large part of his time moving from one and another of the Archbishop's palaces, for the documents reveal regular progresses from Canterbury to Charing, on to Knole or Otford and thence to Croydon before Westminster is reached, and this at dates when it can be shown that the King was elsewhere.

But if Henry VIII. did not "frequently visit" Knole, he knew it sufficiently well to make him appreciate, and therefore desire it, either for himself or members of his family. The breath had not long been out of Warham's body before Princess Mary's household had established itself at Otford. October and November, 1532, were spent there, and then an adjournment was made to Knole, where her cofferer's accounts continue until May 5th, 1533, or a fortnight after Cranmer had obtained

possession of the temporalities of the See. After that the new Archbishop was allowed to hold these palaces for five years, and we find him, in 1536, writing of Otford and Knole as the places "where his most abode was." Although he placed a set of shields, bearing the arms of his family, in one of the windows at Knole, yet there is probably no foundation for the tradition that names the chapel after him. It will be noticed that Lambarde, who was born before the surrender of Knole to the King, makes no mention of Cranmer



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THE GREAT STAIRCASE—LOWER FLIGHT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

liberally built at Knole, a house little more than two miles from it."

Although he no longer had the same voice in the government of the country when Henry VIII. succeeded his father, Warham retained the Chancellorship until 1515. Meanwhile his influence, both in Church and State, had been eclipsed by the rising star, for the Primate of England found he had, even in ecclesiastical affairs, to give way to Wolsey when the latter became Cardinal and Legate *a latere*. But he maintained

in connection with the house, nor is it likely that the first Archbishop of the Reformed Church should have built a great chapel. That chapel, as the illustrations show, is quite characteristic of late fifteenth century work, and if not built by Bouchier, is most likely to have been erected by Morton. It joins rather curiously on to the tower where Bouchier's knot appears on the chimney arch. To get room for one of the chapel windows

is later than Bouchier's time, so also will be the galleries that connect it to the hall. The Water Court may likely at first have been large and of equal width with the Stone Court. But when it was desired to reach the chapel under cover, a building of timber framing, containing both upper and lower corridors or galleries, bisected this space, so that we now have the little Pheasant Court as well as the Water Court.



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THE GREAT STAIRCASE—UPPER FLIGHT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the wall near the chimney breast has had to be recessed up to a certain height and the upper part supported by a sustaining arch. That rather implies that the two buildings were not erected at the same time, though, of course, late mediaeval builders were often driven to such picturesque make-shifts by working from very sketchy plans. If the chapel

In the annexed plan, which has been especially prepared, a few much later sheds and pent-roofed offices are omitted from the Water Court, while it should be borne in mind that the building containing the chief staircase and the present dining-room was a Jacobean addition. In the archiepiscopal period, therefore, an open arcading started from a doorway

in the east wall of the hall, and after going half across the court turned south at right angles in order to reach the north door of the chapel. On the upper floor the Jacobean alterations were sufficiently extensive to make it difficult to decide now what the exact disposition was in the sixteenth century; but the

the enrichment of the King and his favourites at the expense of the Church. The eye of covetousness became fixed upon the noble possessions of the See of Canterbury, and Cranmer found it behoved him to yield to the King six of his best manors, including Otford and Knole. In July, 1538, by way of exchange,



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DETAIL OF THE HALL SCREEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

plan of what this floor became under the Sackvilles and has ever since remained will appear next week.

Cranmer was made Archbishop by Henry VIII. merely to serve the latter's purposes—to be his instrument in the divorce from the Queen and the separation from Rome, and in

there were granted to him and his successors reversions and rents reserved upon Crown leases. The list is long; the annual receipts were probably small. Six months before, one Walter Hendle went, by the King's command, to Knole and "declared the exchange" to the tenants who did "fealty with right good



will." That autumn the King must have visited his new possession, for as Knole was now his and not his Chancellor's, various grants dated thence on September 16th imply his presence. During the ensuing years Knole and Otford make a frequent appearance in the Royal accounts. "Rbt. Russell, one of the King's carpenters," receives large sums, amounting to something like one hundred pounds for every month of the years 1541 and 1542, "for repairs at Knolle and Otteforde." Sir Richard Riche is paid "for costs of journey to survey the works" at these two places, which, together with other Royal manors in Kent, were under the custody of Sir Richard Longe, who receives payment in 1543 "for making the King's garden at Knolle," while "Rbt. Pokeridge keeper of Knolle Park" receives his due for "mowing of brakes for the deer" and for hay-making.

Henry VIII. had only just laid hands on Knole when he also grasped the two manors that had always been held with it up to Bouchier's time. We have seen Seal and Kemsing, together with Hever, sold by Lord Saye and Sele to Sir Geoffrey Boleyn. They eventually passed to his grandson, Sir Thomas, on whose death in



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THE CHAPEL ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

1538 Henry declared himself his heir as husband to his daughter, whose head he had previously removed. The claims of the elder daughter, Mary Boleyn, were swept aside and the Boleyn manors assigned to Anne of Cleves for life as part of her

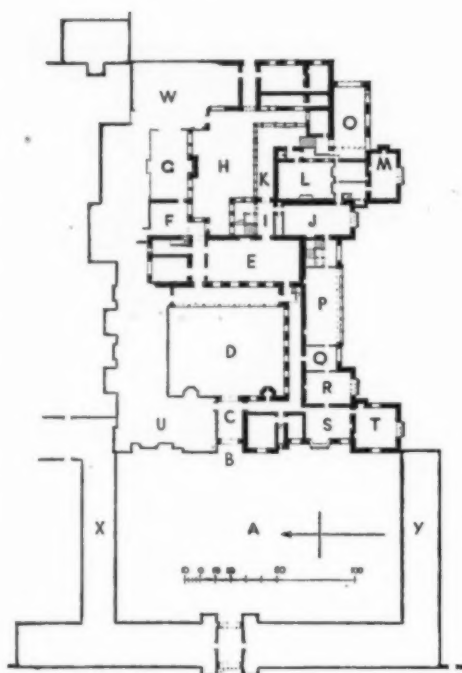


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THE BROWN GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

dower. Knole, however, was retained by the Crown until Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, obtained a grant of it in Edward VI.'s time. His death and attainder after Mary came to the throne permitted that Queen to make it once more an archiepiscopal residence, for she granted it for his life to Cardinal Pole, who then replaced Cranmer in the Primacy. The Cardinal and the Queen died within a day of each other, and Elizabeth restored Knole to Northumberland's son, her favourite, Lord Leicester. He, however, gave it back to her half-a-dozen years later, and she then bestowed it on Sir Thomas Sackville. To another cousin, son to her Aunt Mary Boleyn, she gave Seal, Kemsing and Sevenoaks and created him Lord Hunsdon. As to Sir Thomas Sackville, we saw him, when treating of Buckhurst Park, returning to England to take up the great inheritance that came to him by his father's death in 1566, and being created Lord Buckhurst the following year. Every writer on Knole has repeated the tradition that Elizabeth gave him that estate "to keep him near her court and councils that he might repair thither, on any emergency, with more expedition than he could from Buckhurst for in that period the roads in Sussex were in times impassable." It has been shown already that Horsley in Surrey was his favourite country seat, whereas Knole was given him subject to a long lease granted by Leicester and which did not expire until the year of the Queen's death. That lease, when Lord Buckhurst became owner,



GROUND PLAN OF KNOLE.

A, Green Court. B, Bourchier's Gatehouse. C, Inner Wicket. D, Stone Court. E, Great Hall. F, Kitchen Hall. G, Kitchen. H, Water Court (a few modern lean-to buildings are omitted). I, Great Staircase. J, Dining-room. K, Gallery of open timber arches now filled in. L, Pheasant Court. M, Tower where Bourchier's knot appears on a fireplace. O, Chapel. P, Colonnade. Q, R, S, Private Sitting-rooms. T, Library. U, Guest Bedrooms. W, Offices. X, King's Stables. Y, Wing converted into "Gothic" Orangery.

Lennard. The Lennards for some time had lived in the neighbouring parish of Chevening, but it was not until John Lennard derived great profits from legal appointments in Henry VIII.'s time that the manor of Chevening was acquired. He, like Buckhurst's father, Sir Richard Sackville, was of those who knew how money may be multiplied. He died possessing many manors in five counties, and from a younger son is descended the present baronet of Wickham Court in Kent. To his eldest son, Sampson, and his wife, he, in 1570, "delivered up Knole Manor where they afterwards resided." The young people were Buckhurst's close connections by marriage, for Sampson Lennard took to wife Margaret Fiennes, descended from the elder brother of James Fiennes, the former owner of Knole, and sister to the Lord Dacre who had married Buckhurst's sister. Margaret Lennard eventually inherited her brother's barony, and her son, the first of the Lennards to hold the Dacre barony, married Grysogon Baker, Lady Buckhurst's niece.

Although their lease was a long one, the Lennards probably did little at Knole, and in that case, when it came into Lord Buckhurst's hands in 1603 and he determined to make it the chief home of his family, it will have been much as Warham had left it seventy years before, and if not positively dilapidated, would need very serious repair as well as large modifications in order to bring it to the standard of the stately dwellings that such men as Hatton and Burghley, Suffolk and



Salisbury had erected under Elizabeth or were preparing to erect when Buckhurst commenced work at Knole. Of that transformation more will be said next week, but the interesting welding of Bourchier's work with that of Buckhurst, after he

had been created Earl of Dorset by James I., and the sumptuous decorations and furnishings of the Jacobean period are well shown by some of the illustrations that accompany this article.  
H. AVRAY TIPPING

## THE CROWNING OF DREAMING JOHN.

*Seven days he travelled  
Down the roads of England,  
Out of leafy Warwick lanes  
Into London Town,  
Grey and very wrinkled  
Was Dreaming John of Grafton,  
But seven days he walked to see  
A king put on his crown.*

*Down the streets of London  
He asked the crowded people  
Where would be the crowning  
And when would it begin.  
He said he'd got a shilling,  
A shining silver shilling,  
But when he came to Westminster  
They wouldn't let him in.*

*Dreaming John of Grafton  
Looked upon the people,  
Laughed a little laugh, and then  
Whistled and was gone.  
Out along the long roads,  
The twisting roads of England,  
Back into the Warwick lanes  
Wandered Dreaming John.*

As twilight touched with her ghostly fingers  
All the meadows and mellow hills,  
And the great sun swept in his robes of glory—  
Woven of petals of daffodils  
And jewelled and fringed with leaves of the roses—  
Down the plains of the western way,  
Among the rows of the scented clover  
Dreaming John in his dreaming lay.

Since dawn had folded the stars of heaven  
He'd counted a score of miles and five,  
And now, with a vagabond heart untroubled  
And proud as the properest man alive,  
He sat him down with a limber spirit  
That all men covet and few may keep,  
And he watched the summer draw round her beauty  
The shadow that fell from the wings of sleep.

And up from the valleys and shining rivers,  
And out of the shadowy wood-ways wild,  
And down from the secret hills, and streaming  
Out of the shimmering undefiled  
Wonder of sky that arched him over,  
Came a company shod in gold  
And girt in gowns of a thousand blossoms,  
Laughing and rainbow-aureoled.

Wrinkled and grey and with eyes a-wonder  
And soul beatified, Dreaming John  
Watched the marvellous company gather  
While over the clover a glory shone;  
They bore on their brows the hues of heaven,  
Their limbs were sweet with flowers of the fields,  
And their feet were bright with the gleaming treasure  
That prodigal earth to her children yields.

They stood before him, and John was laughing  
As they were laughing; he knew them all,  
Spirits of trees and pools and meadows,  
Mountain and windy waterfall  
Spirits of clouds and skies and rivers,  
Leaves and shadows and rain and sun,  
A crowded, jostling, laughing army,  
And Dreaming John knew every one.

Among them then was a sound of singing  
And chiming music, as one came down  
The level rows of the scented clover,  
Bearing aloft a flashing crown;  
No word of a man's desert was spoken,  
Nor any word of a man's unworth,  
But there on the wrinkled brow it rested,  
And Dreaming John was king of the earth.

*Dreaming John of Grafton  
Went away to London,  
Saw the coloured banners fly,  
Heard the great bells ring,  
But though his tongue was civil  
And he had a silver shilling,  
They wouldn't let him in to see  
The crowning of the King.*

*So back along the long roads,  
The leafy roads of England,  
Dreaming John went carolling  
Travelling alone,  
And in a summer evening,  
Among the scented clover,  
He held before a shouting throng  
A crowning of his own.*

JOHN DRINKWATER



*Ward Muir.*

TIMBER-CARTING IN THE PINE WOOD.

*Copyright.*

## MR. DOUGHTY'S NEW POEMS.

A SCHOLASTIC and poetical mind in contact with things practical is the verdict to be passed on Mr. Charles M. Doughty's new work, "The Clouds" (Duckworth). The author has been bitten with the prevalent scare about Germany, and his poem is a dramatic narrative of events that are supposed to follow an outbreak of war. "Woe, woe, woe," he cries in various intonations. Military writers have "chronicled future events" before, so have romancers of the school of Mr. Wells or of the school of his French predecessor, Jules Verne. They brought to the task scientific knowledge and much ingenuity, not Mr. Doughty's strong poetic imagination. He could not possibly have been more detailed and realistic if he had gone through a campaign; that is to say, realistic in spirit. Mr. Doughty is too much the poet to have given days and nights to the study of what was really likely to happen. His poem is to be valued for the fine poetry in it, not at all for its political or military insight. We are glad this is so. It would indeed be horrible to believe that the probable fate of England is to be that which is here prophesied of it. We cannot believe that Mr. Doughty really believes that it is. His excuse is that:

Souls, of divine insight, Seers on the Earth,  
These things perceive, as shadows in a glass;  
And other passing strange, which flit before  
Their musing thought; full hard, as dream of sleep,  
That fades, to be pourtrayed in waking speech.

He fortifies himself by calling to mind what great men in the past have done in the way of warning against threatened calamity. Did not Kallinos and Tyrtaios do so seven centuries before the Christian era? Did not Longland in his day, and others down to the prophet Carlyle, do so in theirs?

But Mr. Doughty's style and language spoil any feeling of reality that there might otherwise have been in his vision. Although the text is full of modern instances, of references to aeroplanes, telephones and other scientific inventions of the hour, the poet has studded his lines with words that are obsolete, obscure, or extremely pedantic. We take a page at random. The book opens at page 11, as a matter of fact, and we single out the following expressions to show what we mean, the italics in each case being our own: "As kneeling on his knees, with voice *demiss*"; "which forewarned Him had *fatidic* Muse, to be at hand." In this case note also the cumbersome inversion. "To him, *sith* slumbering, beneath cold stars"; "An inward light *inlumined* his dark spirit"; "Full all of *chirking*, was that sorry Coast." Mr. Doughty might give precedent for the use of each of these ugly, inexpressive vocables, but they are blots on his style, inasmuch as they obscure the meaning to the plain citizen to whom this poem is addressed. We have taken one page, but the others are like unto it, and the language is rendered all the worse by reason of the clumsy constructions in which it is embodied. We give an example from page 15:

Is Britain mongst them, like to wounded hart,  
Of a great horn; whom bloody wolves abbay:  
They Her rend, they disembowel, dispiteous.

This speaks of something more than mannerism. It is a habit of mind. Even official proclamations printed in capital letters have inversions of the same kind, as though the author had a passion for putting the verb before its noun. "Can the posts from day to day no more be guaranteed" has packed into it nearly every possible defect of style. The sense could have been given in five words: "The posts cannot be guaranteed." Sometimes this habit of the author is amusing. The chief personage of the play, Carpenter, in his wayfaring amid the horrors of war, reaches the Valley of the Dove. There he encounters one who is called Piscator, who goes about fishing with Izaak Walton in his bag:

See, his *Compleat Angler*! bound in purple velvet;  
Lies, (so I esteem it precious,) on my cloak.  
I'd sooner lose some ruby, if I had it,  
Than this small volume, which I con by heart;  
And bear it always about with me. In it  
Parfume of heaven is, and souls holy thought.

This is a delightful superstition on the part of the poet and scholar. Alas and alack-a-day, very little does the practical fisherman prize Izaak Walton; he leaves that to the reader of fine taste, and indeed we may very safely assume that this fisherman is a purely literary creation, since he says that, although "I've filled my creel already, With trouts enough," and so no doubt for sale of variety he thinks of a very different fish. In his own words he "will prove but

one more cast," and with it he gets two or three grayling!

See you not their fine shapes, which Doves stream breeds?  
For brightness as they living silver were.  
Gather we some drift sticks, the freshet river  
Hast cast up; and with stover light our fire.  
We call this *Hunter's-roast*: when those are done,  
You'll find them a good dish for hungry men.

Father Izaak would not have fished for trout and grayling on the same day, and, as he had a pretty taste in eating, we may be sure he would not have preferred the grayling to the trout. Yet this criticism does not prevent our appreciation of the perfect verse in which Piscator tells of the beauties of the Dove. Were it not so long, we would have liked to have quoted the whole passage beginning "In these fresh meadows." We can only give a few lines from it:

Key-flowers, brave king-cups then, forget-me-nots;  
Whose living jewels, meynt with golden flags,  
Loose-strife, trim meadow-sweet and water-mints;  
Whilst season is, deck my Doves river borders.  
Sith Summer pools, dight all with water lilies;  
Which twining woodbine, eglantine and wild rose  
O'erhang, with guirlands of sweet smelling flowers.  
I trooping flocks see go in yonder bent;  
And hear the swunken plough-swain cheer his team.  
And so, without offense, to God or man;  
I find the holiday hours, to entertain.  
When I come hither fishing, of the time,  
That lies before me: (short now stair it is;  
Not many steps more,) to a welcome grave.

Still more beautiful are the Elizabethan songs which Piscator sings. We give one of them:

HERDGRROOM: Thine eyes ben two cornflowers, they ben so blue;  
Thy teeth dipped in milk, thy weed of the grey;  
Thy kirtle is short:  
MILKMAID: For light is my shoe.  
Follow me, leaping over the lea.  
Follow me over the hills so green.  
Howt! little herdboy, that leads in the hollow,  
Rud is my cheek and brown is my chin;  
For Phœbus hath kissed me, both even and morrow.  
Follow, follow, follow!

This is worthy of the Mr. Doughty whom we knew. But still we must revert once more to our fault-finding. It is a very fine and very praiseworthy thing that a poet should devote himself, like Lord Roberts, to warning the country of the need of universal military training; but surely no one who is paying any attention to current events could hold forth in such a way of this being "a land slumbering, a negligent isle." The whole story is an enlargement of the following passage:

England lies sick, and long hath lain. Had been  
Embattled all the mankind of the Isle,  
Bulwark of Britain, exercised in arms;  
The effort of the nation had preserved  
Their common heritage.

The temptation on our part is almost irresistible to contrast the seer's vision with the actual facts. He makes, for instance, a public school scholar lament that:

In Chinese studies and brain-wasting sports;  
Sardonic laughter, which would some have pass,  
For young ripe wisdom; mumming, glozing, nullities!  
We lose our days; leaving no time to be  
Ourselves; or think, which most were profitable for us.  
With gibing laughter!

It happens that in the very issue in which this is to appear there will also be an account of the competition of public schools for the prize we offered last year for the best shooting at a landscape target. This is not by any means easy shooting. It certainly is not impracticable. We are sure that Mr. Doughty could not imagine anything more thoroughly calculated to prepare young men for the defence of the country. We invite him to read the account of the shooting, to consider how many schools have taken part in it, and to draw the inevitable inference. Obviously, if the rest of his scolding has not a sounder basis than this, it is worth very little. In the actual conduct of war Mr. Doughty makes the officers and officials act invariably as they should act. He makes no example in detail of the inefficiency which he alleges in general terms. We would be the last to shout "Peace" when there is no peace, or to take part in any lulling of the nation to sleep; but, on the other hand, very little good can be accomplished by this outpouring of the scholastic mind which takes very little cognisance of what is really happening in the world. We feel all the more regret at his having adopted so unsuitable a theme, because of the unstinted admiration we feel for the passages of splendid poetry

which really have nothing to do with the rest of the text. Take, for example, this fine description of Ely Cathedral :

A fane meseems of Heaven, this stately Porch !  
Fortress of consecrated stones ; with haven  
Of prayer-reared walls beyond, midst the world's siege :  
That Evil, which pursues us, and the worm  
Of cold remembrance, which still frets our hearts.  
Built with men's hands, of timber and hewed sand,  
Though this great sacred Fane, of buttressed walls,  
And panelled roofs, be frail and transitory :

Here entering reverent in a Sanctuary,  
A Place of Holy Trust it is ; where dwelleth  
A Divine Breath ; whereas my soul hath feast.  
And ye, long-during pillars ; which, in ranks,  
Uphold this prayer-parfumed, with music thrilled,  
High Minster Church ! where my bowed knees approach ;  
I, in world-forgetting confuse thought, embrace.

Who is there that would not have been proud to have written it ? And it is only one of many passages in the book equally good.

## THE FISHING OF SMALL STREAMS.

IT has always seemed to me that there is a homeliness and a spirit of comradeship about little streams which is somehow absent from the angling of more pretentious waters. The charm of their miniature cascades, their narrow

deeps and dusky pools, their thick stickles purling under bank or bush, and their limpid shallows where the oaks and beeches often meet overhead, and tenderly canopy the water, appeals to the lover of country life more, I think, than do the broad water-meadows or the wind-swept moorside of our large rivers. Alone, with his own pleasant thoughts, soothed by the brilliant flora and fresh foliage of early summer, heedful of the meteoric flash past of a kingfisher, or of the dainty ousels bowing to him from the big stones, the brook-angler wanders on unwearied, ever hopeful and ever anticipating some better place to cast his lures in than the last. For the follower of little streams does best alone ; a brother angler fishing above him would greatly discount his chances. And it must not be supposed that, because these waters are of such humble limits, the trout they hold are in proportion. Save in moorland streams, such is very far from the case. I have known of several specimens of over three pounds, some over two and many above one pound, with plenty of half-pound and six-ounce fish to be taken in brooks whose width, in places, would not exceed two yards. A veteran military angler once complained to me that he could do nothing on the much-vaunted river Dart. I advised his trying a brook tributary, and he returned delighted with a very creditable



WORM-FISHING IN CLEAR WATER.

basket. And now to more practical matters. A fly-rod of from ten feet six inches to eleven feet (not less) will serve for any description of brook-fishing, and the rest of the trout-fisher's paraphernalia calls for little notice. Still, for either

dry or wet fly work I would recommend casts of two yards as sufficiently long, and if using wet flies, it is useful to have one dropper a yard above the tail fly. As for flies, the angler will be able to see what the fish are feeding on, catch a specimen and mount as near imitations as possible. It is well at this time of year to be provided with an assortment of the Olives (dark and pale), Iron Blue, Blue Quill, Red Quill, Hare's Lug, Yellow Sally, Black Gnat, etc., and for late evening a few Sedges and the Coachman. But it will avail little to fly fish until trout are evidently on the rise, although a stray fish will be accounted for here and there by fishing the sunk fly. A rise may come on all at once, and as it may be of short duration, it is advisable to work hard while it lasts. The chief hindrance to operations will be the almost ubiquitous bushes, and it is well to take stock of one's surroundings before starting at

any spot. The artist of the dry school always casts upstream in running water, and in wet-fly fishing it is also to be preferred where possible, since trout invariably lie with their noses pointing against the current. Hence, in striking down, the hook is more likely to be driven into their mouths than when casting down-stream, when the fly is apt to be dragged out, unless a trout hooks itself. Still, there will be very many places where casting up would be



impracticable owing to brambles, etc., and then the most convenient method must be resorted to. Intending brook fishermen will do well to remember that standing close to these confined waters is fatal to success. If a man can see the bottom plainly, he may rest assured that the trout see him, and will dart off for safety at once. Even if a pool or run was too deep for the bottom to be distinguished, the fish would, nevertheless, note their enemy. The correct observation of such water is a sort of slanting view to be obtained when standing some distance

from the edge, or, closer, in the better position of kneeling low, which is to be particularly recommended. One great difficulty is the presence of sun. If it is behind the angler, the lowest of crouching will hardly conceal him from the keen eye of his quarry; therefore he should endeavour to work with the sun in front. It is very rarely that long casting will be required; often, indeed, a couple of yards in addition to the gut will be sufficient. A brook varies so constantly that the intelligence of the angler will point to the best means of negotiating the different spots. If, as often happens, a run goes down with brambles arched over it, rendering up-stream casting impossible, the wet flies may be got in at the top and drifted down it. All this differs immensely from ordinary river fishing; it is deft and canny work, but the difficulties only make one keener to succeed.



WAITING FOR THE RISE.

Wherever a road-bridge covers a fairly open pool into which a deepish stickle runs, there are sure to be big trout, and such a place demands special attention. When using wet flies it is well to keep the dropper jiggling on the surface, and an excellent device is to throw the stretcher fly on a rock or safe bank and pull it gently in. In summer, should the fly-fisher prove unsuccessful, he might try his hand at dropping, in the still, deepish parts especially, though, with a heavier shot pinched on, the stickles would most likely be also remunerative.

The tackle for this would be a cast of one and a-quarter yards, with one No. 1 (new scale) fly hook and a pellet of snipe shot affixed six inches above it. Any largish flies seen about will answer (I except dragon-flies and water beetles), but the black wood-fly is particularly deadly. It may be seen in swarms on fresh droppings, and armed with a small branch, and with cautious approach, a number of these can be struck down, and then carried in a small perforated receptacle. Two flies are impaled together by inserting the hook through the back. This lure is dropped in by the invisible fisherman, allowed to sink a little, then drawn slowly up. In fishing quicker water with heavier sinker, the bait is cast up-stream, kept off the bottom and followed by the rod till below, then cast again and so on. If this deadly plan does not get trout, one may as well



FISHING THE SHALLOWS OF A DOWN STREAM.

tie up and go. And now something must be said about worming in clear water, which, generally speaking, is the most convenient and surest method in brook angling, and works wonders in the hands of an expert. First, I would say, have nothing to do with brandlings, so often lauded. They will kill when trout are really hungry, by no means their normal condition, but usually they will only be minced with. Ordinary small (two and a-quarter inches) pinkish grey worms, to be dug in any garden, are infinitely more killing. These worms usually have an orange-coloured knot, and small Blue-heads are quite as good. Traces need neve exceed one and a-quarter yards, the gut being tapered to very fine, and mounted with Pennell tackle, two No. 14 or No. 13 hooks. To bait, the barb of the higher hook is inserted about half an inch below the head of the worm, which is then bent into a loop, and the end hook inserted an inch or so above the tail. One No. 3 shot pinched on the cast six inches above the bait is indispensable. The great principles are to keep strictly out of sight of the fish, to invariably work up-stream and to cast well up-stream, save in exceptions alluded to in fly-fishing. Granted a stickle of equal depth from side to side, the bait should first be fished close to the near bank, next down the centre and then on the far side. Such a spot would be rare; but it illustrates a general principle. If very shallow on the angler's side, try the edge of the run a little out, then further, and so on. Always commence near the tail of a run, and bring any hooked fish downward to avoid alarming those higher up. There need be very little reel-line out, probably

of all parts of a brook are the moderately-flowing, thick, deepish stickles over which the gnats may be seen hovering, and similar runs under bridges. At the same time, shallower runs, not extremely thin, will all hold trout and should not be passed over. A deep run passing a rock, or a log or a bank, is likely to hold a good fish. Trout will often take the worm well in the most broiling weather, especially in the earlier part of the day and late evening. Another useful lure which should always be carried by the brook-angler is a small heavy Silver Devon with swivelled trace. It has many times helped to fill the writer's panner, and may be cast down-stream and worked slowly against the current. Some practice is required to throw it lightly. Much more could be said of the minutiae of fishing these small streams; but perhaps sufficient has been mentioned to point the way to a sport which grows more absorbing and fascinating as the fisherman gets on terms with the little Naiads of the brooks.

G. GARROW-GREEN.

## THE SMALL HOLDINGS REPORT.

IT requires some imagination to realise that a dry formal annual report covers the most healthy, beautiful and attractive life in England—the life that is lived on the small farms and holdings of Great Britain, where the



B. L. Laurence.

A SMALL HOLDING BEFORE THE ACT.

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from a yard to a foot, unless when obliged, from the obstacles of a place, to let the bait travel down-stream. The rod is held as vertically as possible over the travelling bait, moving with it down and sometimes being slightly raised and lowered. The worm had better be kept off the bottom. In deep guts or pools with little perceptible current, the raising and lowering of the rod-top is especially necessary. One cannot have too light a hand, and striking the instant a fish is felt would most probably lose it. The first indication of a bite will usually be the sudden stoppage of the descending line, then the gut will move off either up or sideways and the faint electric touch of the fish be felt. With yielding hand, the expert will give way to this, moving his rod with the gut for about four seconds, and then strike promptly in the down-stream direction. When the worm must be let travel down-stream, the bites will be pronounced and the fish will generally hook themselves. The most likely

women have the complexion of apple blossom in their faces, the children are rosy, and the men happy and stalwart. Whatever may be our opinions in regard to the rival merits of hiring land, buying land, or acquiring it on a hire-purchase system, there can be no question among those who have traversed the regions where small holders flourish that the open-air life they lead promotes health, the first essential of happiness. But in a Government Department the colour of life is eliminated and the hard facts only allowed to count. The newly-issued Report of Proceedings under the Small Holdings and Allotments Acts, 1908 and 1910, and the various other Acts nearly or distantly allied to them, is a record of activity conveyed in terms of figures, and it is well that it should be so. We like the facts better than the moralisations into which the compiler of the Report sometimes deviates. The figures are very difficult to read aright, because they necessarily deal so much with





TURNING A LIGHT AND EARLY CROP.

averages. It helps us very little to be told, for instance, that during the year under review the quantity of land acquired or agreed to be acquired by County Councils was 36,358 acres, of which 25,994 were purchased for £848,845, and 10,363 acres were leased for rents amounting to £11,861. A little exercise in arithmetic will show that the average price paid for land was, taking no account of fractions, about thirty-two pounds an acre; while the average rent was a little over one pound an acre. In some of these counties there is a mountain run provided. In one case a farm of 16,000 acres has been acquired in Cardigan at £100 12s. 6d. a year, and it would be possible, says the author of the Report, to let some 600 or 700 acres of this and as a small holding within the meaning of the Act. That is to say, a mountain run of large extent but small money value may be useful for grazing purposes to a small holder who

cultivates only from ten to fifty acres of thoroughly good land. But these large acreages all come in to keep down the average so that it is pretty sage to assume that in marketable proximity to a large town the small holder is lucky if land can be provided for him at the rate of £40 an acre. The equipment follows after, and Mr. Cheney has a few significant comments to make on this side: "The weakest part of the work done hitherto has been in connection with the equipment of the holdings, which in some cases had been too expensive and not altogether suited to the needs of the tenants, and it is to be hoped that the result of the work of the Departmental Committee on Small Holdings' Buildings will effect a considerable improvement in this direction." His criticism on the small holders themselves is that they are lacking in education and in the power to co-operate. They copy the methods of the large farmers near them, and do



W. Selge.

DAIRYING ON FORTY-FIVE ACRES.

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not take into consideration the fact that methods which may be successfully applied to a large area do not necessarily produce good results on a small one. The small holder is in very few cases a trained student, and it is worth consideration how to educate him. Mr. Cheney suggests that the County Council might supply this need through the agency of travelling advisors and instructors, and by "practical illustrations of the results that may be obtained by a small holder

through the application to his business of the findings of agricultural research." But the natural place to begin this education is the elementary school. If boy and girl scholars were more adequately taught to take an interest in outdoor things, to cultivate their school gardens, to observe the growth of trees and flowers and shrubs, to take part in the care of animals, to know how to sow and plant and weed, even if



W. Selfe.

YOUNG STOCK ON A GRASS HOLDING.

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only an intelligent interest were stimulated, they would, as young men and women, be very ready to assimilate further knowledge of the same kind. Lecturing is all very well if it be practical and to the point, but here, as elsewhere, example is better than precept. Mr. Cheney has observed how the methods of larger farmers are copied, but a successful small holder would be quite as readily taken as a model.

Norfolk is the county which has taken the lead in

administering the Act, and it is of great interest to study its proceedings for the purpose of ascertaining on what conditions the land is hired, and what is done with it. A typical case is that of the White Hall Farm, Welney. This property was purchased by the Council in August, 1909. It consists of a fraction over three hundred and fifty acres, and the price paid for it was £17,500, or exactly £50 an acre. It was divided into small



Benn and Cronin, L.L.

CARTING.

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holdings at the Michaelmas term of the year in which it was bought. The quality of the land justified the price, as it had been well farmed by the late owner, and the soil was chiefly black fenland on the clay, with silt in places. There is very good pasture land round the cottages, and the arable land produces

annum, which includes rates, ranges from £5 10s. for the two-acre holdings, to £90 for one of over twenty-seven acres. The rent per acre is in all cases high; not including rates, it is as much as £4 16s. 8d. on one holding and £3 17s. on another. As far as we can see, there is nothing under £2 12s. an acre, and



FARM LABOURER AND SMALL HOLDER TOO.

heavy crops of potatoes, wheat, mangolds and carrots. The estate lies on the borders of the county, over four miles from Manea Station and about twelve miles from Wisbech, which brings it very close to the fruit-growing area. It is divided into thirty-six holdings and a group of allotments. The total rent per

a great deal of it is £3 and over. To the expert eye all this means that here is ground specially adapted to intensive cultivation, and we are not at all surprised to hear that the new tenants are doing very well. A few new houses have been built of red brick, with hollow walls and slated roofs. Each house is detached



and cost £180. No additional farm buildings have been found necessary, as the plan has been followed of adapting the old outbuildings to the new conditions. Full particulars are given about the tenants. Thus, the occupier of one was a village publican, who held a licence for nine years and also worked on the land. He now devotes his whole time to the holding and employs some hired labour. Last year he grew wheat, yielding six quarters per acre on five acres; barley on four acres, yielding seven quarters; oats on two acres, yielding ten quarters; potatoes on six acres, yielding twelve tons per acre; and mangolds on two acres, yielding thirty-five tons per acre; five acres are old pasture, and half an acre is occupied by the house and garden. His stock in 1911 consisted of two horses, four cows, three calves, and pigs. He sold his potatoes at 65s. a ton, making £236, or £39 an acre; his wheat at £34 6s. a quarter, making £50, or £10 7s. an acre. He uses his barley, oats and mangolds for feeding. He wants more grass land, because he proposes to raise his calves. This may be called the bones of fact. Imagination can easily supply the rest; and his statement points to a thrifty, resourceful man of a kind that may be backed to thrive under any possible conditions. Unless we knew what his expenses were, however, and the exact quantity of labour employed, it would not be possible to say what is his net income.

Side by side with this there is an account of the East Heddon Estate in Northumberland, purchased from Lord Ridley in 1910. It comprises 887 acres, divided into three farms, together with ten acres of woodland, six acres of fox covert and three acres of occupation roads. Comparison is impossible between this and the Norfolk holding, because, apparently, the statistics for this volume have been collected on no settled plan whatever. For example, there is no information as to the price paid for the land, either per acre or in sum. We are

told a great deal about the stock on the three farms before they were taken over, and very little about the use to which the tenants are putting the land. The population on the estate now is 78 as compared with 45 when it was taken over. The stock consists of 35 working horses, 63 head of cattle, 31 dairy cows, 77 calves and steers, 290 sheep, 296 pigs and 630 head of poultry.

No mention is made of the prices obtained for this produce, and, in fact, there is nothing in the return to indicate whether the small holders are doing well or ill. The sum of £6,650 has been spent on adaptation and equipment; but we could well have done with more detailed particulars of the manner in which this amount is made up. One entry, for example, is "seven new houses and six sets of new buildings, £3,225." This is a very considerable outlay, and information should have been given as to the accommodation in the houses and the character and cost of the new buildings. The sum of £1,000 is put down for water supply, and no particulars about it at all are given; £600 appears to have been spent in adapting the present houses and buildings, and £500 for fencing and gates. We are told that "the purchase price, equipment and adaptation, together with outgoings and an allowance of 17½ per cent. for repairs, management, insurance, risk, etc., makes the total annual liabilities of the Council to be £1,475. The estate has been divided into 21 holdings, and the rents accruing, as at present arranged, are £1,564." It was a waste of paper to print such a report as this. Surely it would be better for Mr. Cheney, who seems to be responsible for these reports, to decide upon the particulars that should be known in regard to the acquisition of small holdings by County Councils, particularly the price of the land, the cost of equipment and building, other outgoings and, on the tenants' side, the rent charged per acre and the return for the produce where it is obtainable.

## FURNITURE OF THE XVII & XVIII. CENTURIES.

### FURNITURE AT KNOLE, KENT.

OF the stately houses furnished by the great men of Elizabeth's and James I.'s reigns, none but Knole has retained any considerable number of examples of the richly-upholstered and comfortably-cushioned chairs, sofas and stools that then first made their appearance. It has been the custom to attribute these pieces to the reign of Elizabeth, but, as is fully shown in the article on the history of the house, Knole was not occupied by its owners during her reign. It was only in 1603 that Thomas Sackville, first Earl of Dorset, obtained possession of it, and began renovating it with the view of its becoming the chief country seat of his family. As regards the furnishing of it, he probably had not got very far when he died in 1609, nor will his son, who survived him only a twelvemonth, have added much. But his grandson, Richard, the third Earl, returning from abroad in 1612, began the course of sumptuous and expensive housekeeping at Knole that greatly diminished the family resources before he died in 1624, and prevented his brother and successor from following in his footsteps. The few years that followed 1612, therefore, must have seen the advent of the greater part of the splendid furniture that remains at Knole, such as the well-known bed in King James I.'s room.

As regards the exceptional number of "X" chairs in original condition that we still find here, tradition has it that the one now illustrated is part of a set of furniture given by James I. to the first Earl of Dorset, who was his Lord High Treasurer. As all the "X" chairs are quite similar in the pattern of their framework, they must be of the same date, and, if the tradition is right, the year 1606 may be assigned to them. There are four of exactly the same size—that is, two feet seven inches wide and four feet one inch high, not counting the egg-shaped finials, which we find on three out of the four. The one illustrated is upholstered in red satin, with appliqué patterns of "cloth of gold" and a *semé* of silver spangles. There is another in crimson velvet, a third also in crimson but with gold and silver pattern woven in, while the fourth has a white ground very richly wrought with metal threads, once gold or silver, or both, but now turned a grey colour. The last has got no finials, and as the upholstery is carried over the sockets intended for their reception, they may have been omitted from the first. Every portion of these four chairs is upholstered, the backs being divided into two panels by a thin untasselled fringe, which is also used to edge the arms, the seat and the rail of the legs, being fixed thereon with small gilt-headed nails, while a few with large heads are used sparsely in conspicuous places—as, for instance, on the uprights of the back and in the centre of the roundel of upholstery which screens the

junction of the "X" legs. There is a fifth "X" chair of the same width, but only three feet nine inches in height, of which the framework is not upholstered but is painted vermilion with a delicate patterning of geometric lines and floral sprigs in white. It was one of a set of chairs and stools, the rest of which are somewhat decayed, and now put away.

If the "X" chairs are to be attributed to the first Earl, the famous Knole sofa and the suite of crimson velvet-covered gilt chairs and stools with which it was associated surely belong to the period of the third Earl; that is, some six or eight years later. In the case of the sofa, the whole of it is upholstered, the velvet being panelled out with a braid or *galon* of gold thread and enriched with fringe partly of crimson silk and partly of gold thread. The seat is so worn that a piece of another material has been tacked on as a preservative. The arms are very low, but above them rise comfortable cushioned ends that may be set at any angle by means of a toothed rack—an arrangement of which we get scarcely any other example until it was freely adopted by this comfort-loving age.

In respect of early seventeenth century furniture, Knole holds an unassailable pre-eminence; but it can also hold its own in the matter of post-Restoration pieces. It is not, however, certain that all of them were originally acquired for this house. Copped Hall in Essex came to the Dorsets in 1674, and many pictures and documents are known to have come thence to Knole after the sixth Earl sold it in 1700. Whether this was the case with respect to some of the furniture of this period will be discussed next week; but two pieces of it are now illustrated. The one is a walnut-wood armchair with cabriole legs and scrolled front rail dating from about 1680. The Glemham and Rushbrook collections contain very similar examples. It is upholstered in a blue Genoa cut velvet and a heavily-tasselled silk fringe.

There are many pieces of this furniture—chairs with and without arms, stools and benches—distributed about the rooms at Knole. One particularly fine specimen, having two boys holding a crown on its stretcher and a covering of cut velvet with deep blue patterns on a red and yellow ground, was taken as the model for one of the chairs used at last year's Coronation, another being one of the four "X" chairs already described. The third illustration represents a chair of slightly later date. It is part of a very elaborate gilt suite in the Venetian Room. As the bed has the Royal arms and the cipher "J. R.," it must date from the short reign of James II., namely, 1685-88. The chairs should be compared with a set at Glemham, which is extremely similar in size and general form. The stretchers are almost identical, namely, trumpet-blowing boys lying on scrolls. But the front legs are different. At Glemham they





CHAIR UPHOLSTERED IN RED SATIN

WITH APPLIQUÉ PATTERN

*Date circ. 1606.*

FURNITURE of the  
17th and 18th Centuries

The Property of  
Lord Sackville



## WALNUT CHAIR

UPHOLSTERED IN ART VELVET

*Date circ. 1680.*

FURNITURE of the  
17th and 18th Centuries

The Property of  
Lord Sackville



GILT CHAIR

UPHOLSTERED IN ART VELVET

*Date circ. 1686.*

FURNITURE of the  
17th and 18th Centuries

The Property of  
Lord Sackville





SOFA WITH ADJUSTABLE ENDS

UPHOLSTERED IN CRIMSON VELVET

*Date circ. 1612.*

The Property of  
Lord Sackville

FURNITURE of the  
17th and 18th Centuries

are of cabriole form with a boy's head at the top. In the Venetian Room at Knole the upholstery is of cut velvet with green pattern on a ground of cream, of which the worn surface shows the green through. The heavily-tasselled fringes were originally of rich red, now turned grey and brick colour. The strength and richness of the colouring that prevailed in seventeenth century upholstery can only be realised by examin-

ing the turned-in or otherwise protected portions of the stuffs and fringes at Knole. Could we suddenly be introduced into a room just decorated for either the third or sixth Earl of Dorset, we should probably consider the effect a little vivid. But there was at the time an innate sense of proportion, form and colour which permitted the successful and agreeable use of daring combinations.

H. AVRAY TIPPING.

## GROUSE IN CAPTIVITY.

TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."

SIR,—Much has already been written on game-birds and ornamental water-fowl as pets by far abler scribes than myself; consequently, it is with some diffidence that I venture to reopen the subject in your columns. There are many beautiful forms of sand-grouse and birds not kept frequently in confinement, possibly because they are not easy to obtain and also because they require special housing and attention. Mr. W. H. St. Quintin and Mr. E. G. B. Meade-Waldo have been successful in breeding some species, but I believe I am correct in stating that the fine black-bellied or imperial sand-grouse (*P. arenarius*) has not yet been successfully bred in confinement. All sand-grouse are extremely heavy for their size, with very long wings, so that it is necessary to keep them either pinioned or with one wing clipped, as they get under way very quickly and are liable to sudden scares at night, although, as a rule, very tame during the day; consequently, when full-winged, they are liable to injure themselves seriously against the roof or sides of their aviary. To succeed with the family it is necessary to provide the birds with a dry shed as light as possible, with plenty of sand on the floor. This shed, which should open into an outer enclosure, should have a wire-netting front with glass at least three feet from the ground upwards, so that rain, sleet, etc., cannot beat into the dry shed. Food should consist of various small seeds (no grain), hemp, millet, rape, clover, maw, etc. Chickweed and shepherd's-purse should also be provided. For the last two seasons the birds here have nested, but the eggs, owing to defective shells, have failed to hatch, beginning to ooze when partially incubated and subsequently bursting, and this although plenty of lime was supplied before the birds commenced to lay. This year the birds have gone to nest a month earlier than usual, and the eggs (very like large missel-thrushes') appear to have better shells than in previous years, so that there is reason to hope for complete success. Another difficulty has been the refusal of the hen bird to sit, which has necessitated artificial incubation, and this would render rearing the chicks, should any hatch, rather a difficult process. Water is frequently scarce in sand-grouse country, so that the parent birds are unable to take their chicks to drink, but get over the difficulty by flying to the nearest water and soaking their breast feathers and then flying back to their chicks, who suck the water from their parents' feathers; so that when hand-rearing has to be resorted to, it would be necessary to give the chicks water from either a feather or a paint brush.

The lesser pin-tailed sand-grouse is another interesting species, but these have never attempted to nest with me. By the way, the word sand-grouse has always appeared a misnomer to me, since the birds, as far as I can judge, resemble true



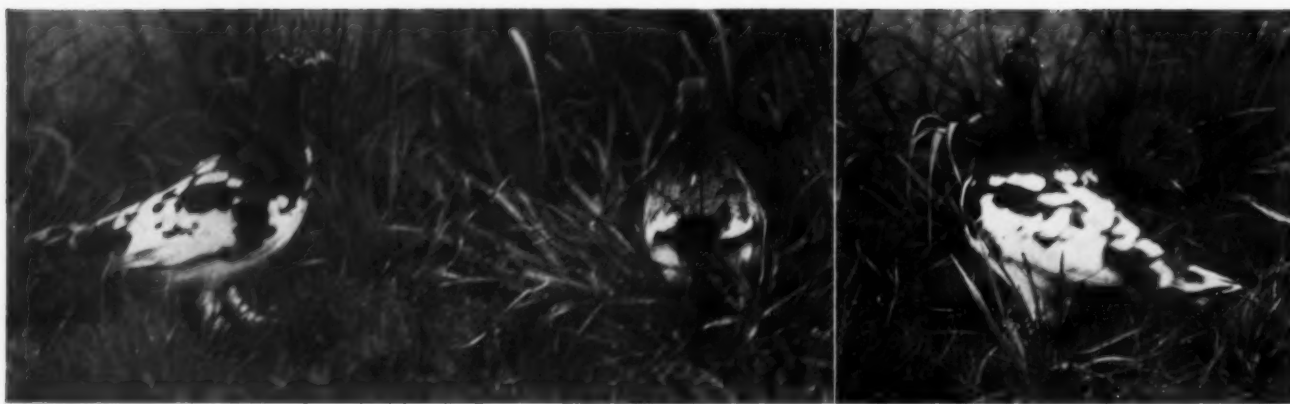
RED GROUSE COCK.

grouse in neither form nor habits. In appearance they are very like the pigeons, and toddle rather than walk.

Among the true grouse that magnificent bird, the capercaillie, is not a good aviary subject, being very shy and requiring a large enclosure. Food also adds a difficulty. Birch, fir and larch shoots must be supplied in quantities, also any berries procurable. Cabbage is eaten greedily. I have never attempted to rear this bird from the egg, but am told on good authority that it is not an easy feat. The chicks must be kept in shade and fed *from above*, the food being sprinkled about on the leaves of low shrubs and on the grass. I have never



HEN RED GROUSE.



NORWEGIAN WILLOW-GROUSE OR RYPER.

succeeded in keeping wild caught specimens for long, though Mr. St. Quintin has been fairly successful. The birds I had scarcely ever showed themselves, and never when they knew they were being watched; in fact, they never left their covert at all except in the early morning and late evening.

Again, wild caught black-game are no use as pets, being just as shy as the last subject. However, by getting up at 5 a.m. in spring and early summer and by dint of careful stalking,

my own mind that ryper and red grouse are one and the same bird, climatic conditions having in the course of time produced the differences in plumage, and by careful hybridising I am certain that all traces of either parent could be bred out in a very few generations. By this I mean that if a cock grouse bred with a ryper hen and the hybrid female offspring were again crossed with grouse cocks, very little ryper parentage would show in the young of this generation, and in



HEN BLACK-BELLIED SAND-GROUSE.

one may see cocks, which have been caught only a few months, in full display, their antics being both extremely interesting and amusing. These birds do well on a grain diet (Indian corn should be avoided, as the birds are very greedy and apt to die of surfeit if they cannot get sufficient exercise), varied with birch, larch and fir boughs, berries and green food. An abundance of clean water and grit is most important for the welfare of all captive birds. Quartz grit, when obtainable, is the best. Hand-reared black-game become quite tame, and will feed round their owner's feet like pheasants; but to these, again, full sun is fatal.

With Norwegian willow-grouse or ryper there is a different tale to tell, wild caught birds becoming very tame in an incredibly short time. At the time of writing (May 16th) my pair, imported from Sweden in February, have just gone to nest, and the hen has deposited two eggs exactly similar to those of the red grouse. I am satisfied in



COCK BLACK-BELLIED SAND-GROUSE.

another generation none, and *vice versa* very little grouse, though this I am aware is the exact opposite to what Mendel would have us believe. According to his law, the offspring of this generation should be one half pure grouse and one half pure ryper, instead of being practically indistinguishable from pure grouse and *vice versa* pure ryper. The fallacy of his theory is easily proved by hybridising more easily-obtained birds, as, for instance, in the pheasants *P. mongolicus* and *P. colchicus*, or, again, in ducks pintail (*Dafila acuta*) or any

other surface-feeder and the mallard (*Anas poscas*). The crow of the cock ryper is the same as that of the grouse, as also is the courtship, and the hen ryper just before and when nesting has the same habit as the grouse of squatting down, spreading the tail and moving the head quickly from side to side, at the same time uttering a particular call indistinguishable from that of the hen grouse during the breeding season.



PAIR LESSER PINTAILED SAND-GROUSE.



Ryper are easily provided for in confinement. Wheat, barley, oats and dari suit them admirably, but branches of birch and willow must also be provided at least once a week. They are particularly fond of the catkins of willow (pussy willow as it is commonly called). It always seems to me a pity that an attempt is not made to naturalise ryper in many parts of England where grouse would not flourish. I am confident that they would thrive anywhere where birch plantations abound round arable land, and I am not sure that arable land is necessary, though they are very fond of grain and clovers. I never pass many parts of this county (Norfolk) without thinking that both ryper and black-game would do well if turned down and not disturbed more than is absolutely necessary for a year or two, and then what a fine addition they would make to a day's covert-shoot!

But there is no bird to touch a red grouse from a sporting point of view, or as an inhabitant of an aviary: easily provided for, hardy, and from September to June absolutely fearless—bellicose would be a better word; indeed, one well-known sportsman was forced to give up keeping his pet grouse owing to their attacking his children too frequently. Their bills are much stronger than one would think unless one had seen them previously plucking off stiff heather shoots, and they find no difficulty in drawing blood from the human hand and wrist. So plucky are they that if picked up in the hand and literally thrown away they crow defiance and instantly return to the attack! From a day old they are a sturdy race, the chicks

being squat and square, and they do not run and hide like young pheasants when their coop is approached, but stroll about in a most unconcerned way. They grow very quickly and thrive well on Spratt's Maxco, hard-boiled egg, varied with plenty of insects and some heather, though I do not think the latter absolutely necessary. Even to grouse sun is fatal, and if left without protection in the full glare of the June sun their little wings soon droop, and death follows quickly. When half grown they are passionately fond of green food, and at the evening feed will fill their crops to bursting point with chicory, dandelion, spinach, cabbage, etc. But they seem to tire of this after a month or so, and when adult do well on grain of all kinds, with a little heather every now and then. The one drawback to them is that the cocks are very hard on their hens in the spring and apt to kill them by over-attention, and next year I hope to try the experiment of penning one cock to three or four hens, for I believe that, though they pair in a wild state, they would in confinement become polygamous, which is the case with many of the ducks, shovellers, widgeon, tufted duck, etc. All pair when wild, but in confinement the drake will mate to two or three ducks. The accompanying photographs taken last week show the grouse as they appear in confinement. I have already trespassed too far on your valuable space, but pages might be written on this splendid bird, and I will conclude by asking my readers if they know a more charming sound to listen to in the early morning than the crow of the cock grouse.

HUGH WORMALD.

## IN THE GARDEN.

### THE LILACS AND THEIR CULTIVATION.

IN common with many other hardy shrubs, the Lilacs have been flowering a fortnight or three weeks earlier than usual this year, and their fragrant blossoms have also been produced in greater abundance. Judging by the frequency that one finds the common Lilac the sole representative of its race in gardens throughout the country, the many beautiful named varieties are but little known, a fact that means a loss to those who appreciate beautiful flowering shrubs. Then, again, Lilac is too often planted and subsequently allowed to follow its own sweet will, with the result that the bushes become tangled and untidy masses of vegetation, which a little care annually after the flowers are over would obviate.

Fortunately, Lilac is not a fastidious plant so far as soil and position are concerned, though it fully repays a little consideration in this respect. It will grow and blossom in quite poor soil, but if given a moderately rich rooting medium it will do very much better. Likewise it will grow and flower in a much-shaded place, but is best in an open situation. Unfortunately, the majority of the named varieties are grafted on the common Lilac or another species, and suckers, or basal growths, from these stocks if allowed to grow unchecked, as they frequently are, will starve and finally kill the variety that we wish to preserve. This is not so much an instance of neglect as one of non-observance, because there is very little difference between the appearance of the shoots of the stock and those of the graft. Unless the danger is fully realised, and the sucker shoots looked for, they may easily escape recognition. If those who purchase Lilacs would insist on having plants on their own roots, and not object to paying the extra amount for them that their production entails, the serious trouble of these interloping growths would be avoided.

It is not difficult to propagate Lilacs by means of cuttings, and these I would prefer to take about midsummer, selecting short, sturdy, half-ripened shoots for the purpose. If cut close beneath a joint, or deftly slipped off with a "heel" of the older wood, divested of their lower leaves and planted in well-drained pots of sandy soil, they will form roots in from four to six weeks. It is, however, necessary to plunge the pots to their rims in Cocoa-nut fibre refuse or similar material, and to keep in a close propagating frame and well shade from the sun. Young ripened shoots about one foot long may be planted outdoors in the early autumn months; but summer propagation is best where possible. The layering of good-sized shoots during the winter or early spring is also often resorted to, and plants obtained in this way are as good in most respects as those from cuttings.

It is after the fragrant blossoms of Lilac have faded that the shrubs should have a little attention, as at that time the wood and flower-buds for another year's display are being formed. It is no uncommon sight to see the old seed-pods hanging on the branches right through the winter, instead of being promptly removed as soon as the flowers have faded. Their removal at that early stage

induces the formation of sturdy young shoots that are practically certain to give a bountiful display of flowers another spring. It is also wise to thin out a number of the weak side shoots that will always be found growing in the interior of good-sized bushes. By so doing light and air are allowed free access to the remaining growths, and these in turn become thoroughly ripened before the winter. Few shrubs feel continued drought more than the Lilacs, and I know of no more miserable-looking object in the garden during hot weather than a Lilac bush. This suffering can be to a great extent avoided by placing over the roots at this season a mulch, several inches thick, of short, well-decayed manure, first of all giving the soil a good soaking with water. This manure will conserve the moisture and, when rain does come, provide the plants with a certain amount of nourishment.

At the outset mention was made of named varieties, and the following will be found far superior to the common kind: Miss Ellen Willmott, a new double white-flowered variety of great beauty; Souvenir de L. Spath, very large, trusses of deep purple single flowers; President Grevy, pale lilac double flowers; Viviani Morel, double flowers of pale lilac colour; Marie Legray, single white; and Charles X., deep purple, single.

F. W. H.

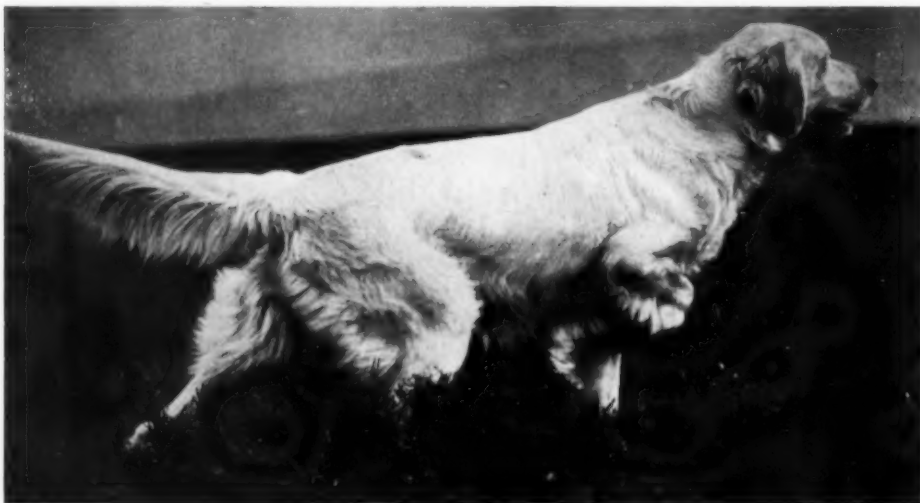
### THE BEST BEDDING ROSES.

THE "Rose Annual" for 1912, just published by the National Rose Society, contains, among many other interesting features, a list of two dozen Roses that are considered to be the best varieties for bedding purposes. This selection has been compiled from lists sent in to the secretary of the society by all the best amateur and professional Rose-growers in the country; and although there are several varieties included that would not be suitable for some positions, the list, as a whole, may be taken as a reliable guide to Roses suited for bedding purposes. The varieties are placed in order according to their height and are divided into three sections, viz., dwarf, medium and tall. In the first section we find Jessie, a polyantha pompon Rose of scarlet crimson colour; Fabvier, a China Rose of light crimson hue; Cecile Brunner, polyantha pompon, bluish white with shell pink centre; Mme. Jules Grolez, Hybrid Tea, deep rose pink; Mme. Ravary, Hybrid Tea, pale gold and orange; Mrs. W. H. Cutbush, polyantha pompon, clear pink; Augustine Guinoisseau, Hybrid Tea, a white sport from the well-known La France; Comtesse du Cayla, a China Rose, buds nasturtium red, open flowers vary from coppery red to almost orange; and Richmond, Hybrid Tea, crimson. In the medium section come Ecarlate, a Hybrid Tea with brilliant scarlet crimson flowers, and the brightest of its colour; Gustav Grunerwald, Hybrid Tea, bright carmine pink with orange shading; Prince de Bulgarie, Hybrid Tea, colour varying from pale flesh to deep apricot; Joseph Hill, Hybrid Tea, coppery yellow shaded pink and apricot, but variable according to age; Lady Ashtown, Hybrid Tea, deep pink; Mme. Abel Chatenay, Hybrid Tea, salmon pink, shaded vermillion; Caroline Testout, Hybrid Tea, bright pink; Mrs. E. G. Hill, Hybrid Tea, inside pale silvery pink, exterior coral rose; Mme. Leon Pain, Hybrid Tea, colour combination of pale yellow, orange, pink and fawn; and Pharisae, Hybrid Tea, rosy white or flesh, shaded salmon. In the tall section the following are given: Irish Elegance, Hybrid Tea, single flowers of coppery fawn colour; Grüss an Teplitz, Hybrid Tea, bright crimson; La Tosca, Hybrid Tea, bluish, flushed rosy white; Frau Karl Druschki, Hybrid Tea, white; and J. B. Clark, Hybrid Tea, crimson. The height of those placed in the dwarf section ranges from 1 ft. to 1 ft. 9 in.; the medium section from 2 ft. to 3 ft.; and the tall section from 3 ft. 6 in. to 8 ft.

H.

## THE SPRING FIELD TRIALS.

**T**HAT interest in the Spring Field Trials is by no means on the wane was fully proved by the attendance at the last of the series, held over the Acton Reynald and Hardwicke Estates in Shropshire, the spectators being more numerous than has been the case for many years. Apart from the money competed for, which is not to be sneezed at, amounting as it does to about £970 at the four meetings, great interest was taken in the work, rendered difficult by scanty covert and at times a very poor scent, although partridges were extremely abundant. A stake comprising fifteen pointer puppies was disposed of on the first day, thanks to several hours of hard labour performed by the judges, Messrs. C. Brewster-Macpherson and Lewis Wigan, neither of whom believes in scamping his work.



LINGFIELD BERYL.



LINGFIELD BERYL.

The Puppy Stake for setters was not far behind in numbers—fourteen; the International Stake again had a majority of that breed, which altogether monopolised the Cloverley Stake for braces, open to both; while the Acton Reynald Stake was made up of sixteen setters, as against half that number of pointers, and was won outright by a setter, to wit, Count Beau, who with his litter sister won first in braces. Their owner, Mr. Purcell-Llewellyn, has been breeding setters all his life, has won the Brace Stakes certainly well over a dozen times, and to Birmingham Show in 1884 sent twelve field-trial winners from his kennel to compete for special prizes. There is no better instance of the truth of the adage, *bon chien chasse de race*, than the Llewellyn setter, as the breed soon came to be called. Mr. Laverack, who died in 1877, had laid its foundation, in which certain flaws were made good by Mr. Llewellyn's judicious admixtures. The strain, thus improved, rapidly acquired a great and well-deserved

reputation, especially in America where the methods of "hunting" make speed and endurance a matter of the highest moment. Not that nose is neglected. A dog who means fast travelling *must* have a good nose, while one who outruns his nose is probably a fool.

One of the best-known kennels of field-trial setters in this country belongs to Mr. Herbert Mitchell of Bradford. Their success at times has been very extraordinary. Take, for instance, Lingfield Beryl, whose portraits we reproduce (Nos. 1 and 2). Her triumphs include first prizes in such events as Brace Stake (won with Linda, her litter sister) and All-aged Stake at Ipswich, and again at Newport, and Champion Stake at Shrewsbury, all in the year 1906. In 1907 she was first in the Brace Stake, and at the English Setter Club's Trials first in All-aged Stake. In addition to other prizes, including an extra and two specials, she has twice been awarded the English Setter Club's 30-guinea challenge cup and gold medal, not to mention a challenge trophy, value 130 guineas, presented



LINGFIELD ISLET.



by Mr. William Arkwright. At a rough estimate, her winnings in cash alone work out at something like twice her weight in pure silver (if such a thing exists). Curiously enough, both her paternal granddam and maternal grand-sire were, in their later years, simultaneously in the writer's possession, and better dogs on the hill nobody could want.

No. 3, Lingfield Islet, has distinguished himself by winning an All-aged Stake at Messy-les-Liesse in France. Among his immediate ancestors were three field-trial winners, which circumstances, taken in conjunction with his good looks, would lead one to expect a satisfactory issue from his mating with the aforesaid Beryl; and we have it in Lingfield Mart (Nos. 4 and 5), whose superb portrait, taken by his proud owner, almost literally speaks for itself. Mr. Mitchell writes that whenever a few hours can be spared from an exceedingly busy business life, he prefers witnessing dog-work to driving; but his life is evidently not too busy to include photography of an unusually high order. Last year Lingfield Mart, still a puppy, won firsts in the Kennel Club Derby at Ipswich, in the Champion Stake at Shrewsbury, competing against old dogs, and in the Puppy Stake at the Scottish Field Trials, besides lesser honours. This year he has, so far, been unlucky, and had to be content with reserve All-aged Stake, English Setter Club's Trials, and certificate of merit, Champion Stake, Shrewsbury. Fast, staunch and sensible, he is a credit to his dam and to Mr. Mitchell's kennel.

Lingfield Kate (No. 6) is a winner at the National Trials, Shrewsbury. Mr. Mitchell's trainer, Marsden, succeeded Lauder after being many years in the service of Sir Watkin Wynn in Wales. Of his skill and patience the results are sufficient proof. Mr. Mitchell owns some wild moorland in County Mayo; the extent of it has been considerably reduced, however, by sale to the Congested Districts Board. He rents some three thousand acres of partridge ground at Slingsby, near Malton, where the dogs are broken on partridges, while last August the team was shot over by an American sportsman, who, following so many of



LINGFIELD MART.



LINGFIELD MART



LINGFIELD KATE.



the more enlightened among his countrymen, rented a shooting in Scotland, passing the autumn at Dunkeld.

Owing to the exigencies of space, I must leave to another occasion my comment on and description of other occupants of

this remarkable kennel. It will be agreed that the photographs shown here are most exceptionally fine, but they do not excel others which were to have appeared with them but are unavoidably held over.

DOUGLAS CAIRNS.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### AN OWL STORY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—An interesting incident occurred the other day that may interest your readers. The gardener on his way to the house early in the morning found a young grey owl on the ground, which had evidently fallen from the nest. As he could not locate the nest to replace the bird, he brought it up to me, thinking I should like to rear it by hand. I put the bird in a basket in my bedroom and tried to coax it to eat with small pieces of meat. As the evening approached the bird showed signs of animation and uttered sharp little cries. I had the bird removed then to another room, when shortly the answering cries of the mother were heard. This went on for some considerable time, when I had the little bird taken back to the place where it was found, some distance from the house. This morning the basket was empty, and evidently the mother, whose cries I heard during the night, succeeded in taking it back to the nest.—A. E.

### THE CUCKOO IN SUSSEX.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your correspondent of May 11th, "A. M. E. Bratton, Fleming," will be interested to know that I heard the cuckoo on April 19th this year, in a wood about two miles from Rye in Sussex. This seems to show that cuckoos cross to Sussex as well as to Norfolk.—G. DONNELLAN.

### A CHINESE CARPENTER AND AN ENGLISH CABINET.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a cabinet made by a Chinese carpenter. It is a copy of one which appeared (as a coloured plate) in one of your issues of last September—the 9th, I think. It is made of teak, polished mahogany colour, and is inlaid with white tea-wood. Since he had nothing but the picture to go by, I think you will agree he has made a good job of it. He took four months to make it.—C. M. FORREST, Shanghai.

### TREE SUMACH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be obliged if you could give me some information upon how to treat a tree sumach. It flourished till last year; since then only a few leaves have come on some of the branches. Other branches are brown and have no leaves. Is it safe to cut the dead parts away, or will that treatment kill it?—Y.

[It would be quite safe to cut away the dead shoots, and this work could be done now. Indeed, it will be better for the tree if they are removed, providing they are really dead and not merely in a dormant state.—ED.]

### SWEET PEAS AND WIRE-NETTING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I observe that a correspondent recommends the use of wire-netting cylinders for training sweet peas. I write to warn your readers that, like climbing roses and many other plants, sweet peas do not succeed when trained on metal. I have tried precisely the same plan as that recommended by your correspondent, with the result that my expectations of a very pretty effect were quite disappointed, and I have reverted to the use of wood supports.—G. P. N.

### TO GET RID OF VOLES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can you or any of your readers tell me how to get rid of water-rats (voles)? Last year I made a pond near the garden and introduced rainbow trout (preventing them passing down the stream by grating), also water-lilies and several water and bog loving plants. The rats are devouring all the young shoots of the iris and other plants, and I should be glad of any information so that I can clear the rats away, as, in addition to eating the plants, they are undermining the banks.—J. W. W.

### AFTER FIFTY YEARS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It may interest your readers to know that the enormous date palm growing in the Palace of the Caesars on the Palatine has again blossomed

after the lapse of half a century. In the days of long ago it grew, so says tradition, before the Emperor Augustus' door, and its effigy was then struck off for the medals which commemorated his victories in Africa. The sudden awakening, therefore, of this historic tree is taken by the Italians of to-day to signify success in their war against the Turks. But there is a reverse side to the medal, for the saintly Don Bosco, so many of whose prophecies have been already verified, has predicted that a terrible disaster will befall Italy in a month when there are two moons, and that event occurs in this merry month of May. Among the wild flowers growing in profusion in the ruins of the memory-haunted Palace of the Caesars, I saw, the other day, foxgloves, forget-me-nots, wild marigolds, monthly roses, scarlet poppies,

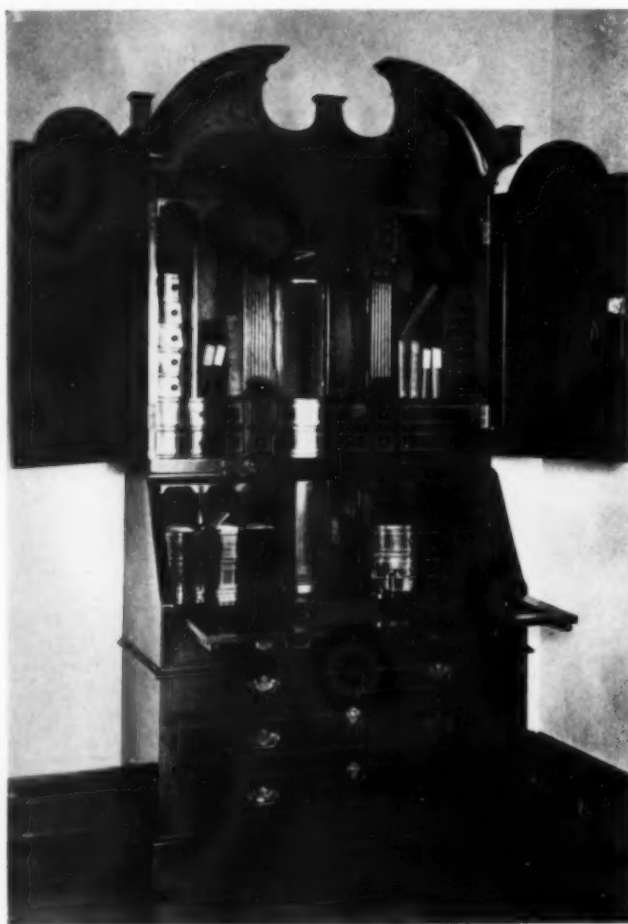
cyclamen, honeysuckle and other varieties of whose names I was unfortunately ignorant. And in that cultivated portion known as the Farnese Gardens there bloomed a fragrant wealth of snowy pinks, gorgeously tinted tulips and wallflowers, besides a riot of roses of every shade and hue. It is a curious fact that in Italy, the land of flowers, there are several varieties, noticeably the wallflowers, the carnations and the violets, which possess far less perfume than those which bloom in the green gardens of England.—GRACE V. CHRISTMAS.

### EARTHQUAKES, VOLES, PEEWITS AND BATS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I always knew that Dunblane, Perthshire, was built over a "fault," running east and west from the Ochills, and that where a fault was there was always a likelihood of earthquakes. Stirling Castle rock is volcanic, and it lies about four miles south of this as the crow flies. I have enquired since I came as to their frequency, but was assured they occurred at rare intervals. I, however, to use a vulgar saying, have been "fed up" with them since I arrived on April 10th. On the 19th two occurred, at 8.15 and at 10.15. The next morning I was awakened, as if I had been "rocked in the cradle of the deep," at 2.15! They all seemed to strike the south side of the house and then the opposite walls. Smaller shocks occurred at intervals until May 3rd, when a much more severe one occurred at 4.15, which caused us to start from our chairs and rush towards the door, several small articles being thrown down—this one was supposed to be the worst, as several people in the village felt the chairs they were sitting on rise and fall. A small one occurred at twelve the same night; another on the 10th at 9.20. Two smaller ones occurred in the

space of five minutes this morning at seven o'clock, making altogether fifteen since April 10th. I consider myself now a good authority on this subject! Besides earthquakes, since coming here I have had my first introduction to water-voles. A pair of them haunt a duckweed pond about a quarter of a mile away. They never seem wet, although having just swum across; they also lack shyness, for they allow me to "glower" at them through my field-glasses about four feet off from where they feed. They remind me of the shape of a guinea-pig, somewhat of the capsule style. The head is covered with reddish brown hair, mixed with darker on the shoulders, the tail long and rat-like. Judging from their swimming marks left in the duckweed, they take a good curve to the nest. I noticed several lairs in the reeds, where they evidently brood. One was thus seated in shadow facing me, and it was not till it turned and rushed into the pond that I discovered it was not a stone. I saw another swimming in the Allan against a pretty stiff current. I watched, another day, a couple of colliers being chased over a field, just turning green with corn, by three peewits. They had evidently been tampering with their eggs. The dogs seemed terrified, not being able to watch the enemy from above and to keep their eyes in front for a likely gap in the hedge for their exit. The pineal gland, if restored as a seeing organ, would now have been of use. Perhaps it may develop with aeroplanes. Last night, though windless, was cold, yet I for the first time this season saw bats flying backwards and forwards for quite an hour after insects. There were five of them, and they reeled through the air like tipsy men. When I was a child I was told that bats liked settling on children's heads, especially if they had much hair, and it was almost impossible to disentangle their claws when they once caught on. White seemed an attraction to them, and often have I placed my handkerchief on the ground to draw them away from me.—C. H. M. JOHNSTONE, Dunblane.



CELESTIAL CARPENTRY.

## COOKERY FOR THE COTTAGE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In answer to your correspondent, Mr. Albert Pam, who asks for some advice as to the most suitable and cheap food for families earning fifteen shillings a week, it may be interesting to know how the French cottager lives on the same amount with six or seven children. He cultivates cabbages, carrots, onions, sorrel and beans in his garden and lives on these, with potatoes, rice and a small piece of bacon that serves to season his food and vary it. Cabbages, carrots and potatoes will be washed and cut in pieces and put into a saucepan full of boiling water with a little bacon. When cooked he takes the vegetables and bacon from the saucepan and puts them on a dish. The water which contains a great part of the nutriment becomes his soup poured over bread cut in slices, and very good it is if properly salted and peppered. He also makes a stew of potatoes,

of garden and makes every inch of it productive. He really lives on the vegetables he grows, and always cooks sufficient for two days, saving time by warming it for the morrow.—FRANCES KEYZER, Paris.

## FALCONRY IN TURKESTAN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed photographs were taken by Lord Osborne Beauclerk when on a shooting expedition after sheep, ibex, etc., in the Thian Shan Mountains, Turkestan. As the brother of the Hereditary Grand Falconer, he, naturally, took a special interest in falconry, which in that country is not so much a sport as a means of procuring food. Every small collection of "yurts" has its falconer, and they train not only falcons and hawks, but eagles as well. With the latter they kill both roedeer and foxes, which abound on the edge of the pine woods. A Russian officer told him that he had once seen an eagle



FALCONERS WITH EAGLES AND HAWKS.



IN THE THIAN SHAN MOUNTAINS.

carrots and onions, boiling them in a small quantity of water and adding a little fat and flour to thicken it. Potatoes again he stews with a very small piece of bacon cut into cubes, putting the bacon into the saucepan and adding a couple of tablespoonfuls of flour when the bacon is hot, and sufficient water just to cover the potatoes that he cuts in quarters. White beans he cooks in quantities, adding a tomato or two to flavour them, and a little lard, salt and pepper. These beans he soaks the night before, which increases their size twofold. Like all dried vegetables they must be put into cold water to cook. As a variant, rice is added to these white beans and a handful of sorrel, pepper and salt and a little lard if possible, all in the same saucepan. Lentils are perhaps the most nutritious of all his food, boiled with or without a sausage. These are the chief foods of the poor people who with a little patch of garden manage to grow their own vegetables with the exception of potatoes. Many of them rear rabbits, which they sell or eat. The French cottager knows the value of his few square yards

flown at a wolf, but in this case the eagle came off badly. On one occasion, when out after ibex, Lord Osborne saw a specimen of natural falconry. It was early morning, just before dawn, when he was watching a herd of does and their fawns while on the look-out for a buck. All at once he saw the does take a curious attitude by keeping their heads down and their horns up. At the same time the fawns, in response to a signal, rushed close to the sides of their dams. Hearing a rushing sound of wings, his lordship looked up and saw two eagles, which began making short stoops at the fawns, endeavouring to drive them from the sides of their dams and away from the dangerous neighbourhood of the bayonet-like horns. The eagles failed to detach any of the fawns, and went off to look out for an easier breakfast elsewhere. Lord Osborne and his party meant to have gone out hawking with the Khirgiz, but, being anxious to go after sheep and ibex, put it off till they returned. On their return they were too pressed for time, and so the chance was missed.—R. G.



## FISHING ON THE ZAMBESI.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—When at the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi I had good sport both with spoon and with a fly tied about the size of a sparrow. The photograph of the perch-like fish shows one of the kinds that is a good fighter and excellent eating. Convenient Canadian canoes with expert paddlers, as per photograph, can be had at the Falls, and these make the fishing a luxury. See that you have at least one hundred and fifty yards of good line—you will need it—a steel wire trace and extra-strong treble-hooks, with the bends somewhat opened out like a Humane Society's grappling iron. Without this precaution a species



known as the "Tiger Fish" will crush up the bends of ordinary hooks.—F. B. PARKINSON, Bechuanaland.

## THE ORIGIN OF "FAR AND SURE."

[TO THE EDITOR.]

## THE BEST GIFT OF THE ZAMBESI.

SIR,—History records that Charles I. was playing golf when the news of the Irish Rebellion reached him. His son James, Duke of York, during his residence in Edinburgh, frequently resorted to Leith Links, in order to enjoy the game. One day two English noblemen who had followed his Court and who boasted of their expertness in the game, debated with the Duke whether that amusement was peculiar to Scotland or to England, and as they could not agree, they determined to try the issue by an appeal to the game itself. The Englishmen agreed to rest the legitimacy of their national pretensions as gollers on the result of a match for a large sum of money against the Duke and any Scotsman he might select. The Duke, aiming at popularity, and thinking this an opportunity for asserting his claims to the character of a Scotsman, and for flattering a national prejudice, at once accepted the challenge. After diligent enquiry his choice fell on one John Patersone, a shoemaker, reputed to be the best player of his day, and whose ancestors had been equally celebrated from time immemorial. Patersone expressed great unwillingness to engage in a match of such importance, but, being encouraged by the Duke, he gave way and consented to play. With Patersone's assistance the Duke won the match, and in gratitude to his partner, presented him with half the stakes. With this money Patersone built a house at the foot of the Canongate, almost opposite Queensberry House. The Duke caused a flat stone to be placed in the wall bearing the arms of the family of Patersone, surmounted by a crest and motto, appropriate to the distinction its owner had acquired as a golfer. Dr. Alexander Pitcairne (1652—1713) has this distich in his *Selecta Poemata*:

Cum victor ludo, Scotis qui propus, esset,  
Ter tres victores post redimitos avos  
Patersonus, humo tunc educebat in altum  
Hanc quae victores tot tulit una domus.

This distich, which may be freely translated, "In the year when Patersone won the prize in golfing, a game peculiar to the Scotch, in which his ancestors had nine times gained the same distinction, he raised this lofty house from the ground—a victory more honourable than all the rest." The plain flat slab on which this epigram is engraved is still to be seen in the front wall of the second flat of the house, although the gilding that once ornamented it has disappeared. Under the distich there is a singular motto: "I hate no person"—an anagrammatical transposition of the golfer's name, "John Patersone." The coat of arms is placed near the top of the house, and bears three pelicans vulned on a chief, three mullets-cres, a dexter hand grasping a golf club-motto, "Far and Sure."—G.

## PRINCESS BAKUNVERBA.

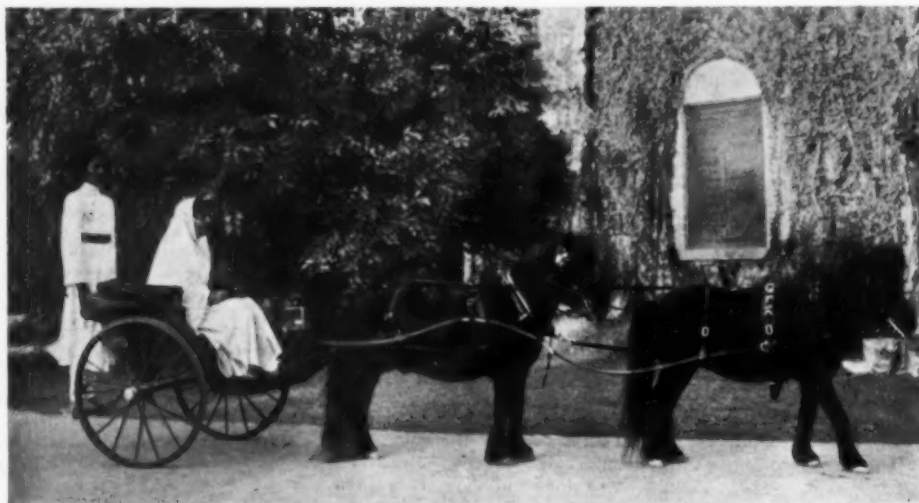
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph which you may like to publish. Princess Bakunverba is the eldest daughter of H.H. The Thakore Sahib of Gondal. She is an excellent whip, riding and driving are her chief amusements.—FRANK ANGELO.

## A POOR MAN'S BUDGET.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—It might be easy to draw up a suitable budget; but then would come the question, would it be an acceptable one? There is no more conservative person than the cottage matron, either in town or country, and anything in the way of innovation would be resented. She might take from you "a budget," but it would not be worked to for long together. "Ways



PRINCESS BAKUNVERBA WITH TWO OF HER SHETLANDS.

that were good enough for my grandmother and mother are good enough for me," she might say, and she would stick to the old lines. Indeed, a good country matron cook is never at a loss in the providing of good, wholesome food, and she knows how to make the best of all her resources, which are not so scanty as many may suppose. On the other hand, the town cottage matron has more to go at, for the bread-winner's wages are higher than those of his country brother. There are families who have a total income of from two to three pounds. On this a feast begins on Saturday night, lasts all day on Sunday, remnants are used on Monday, and from Tuesday onward to the week-end things are of the makeshift order.—T. R.

## CANOE AT VICTORIA FALLS.

## AN OLD BOOK.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can you or any of your readers tell me the value of a book, "Danse des Morts," written in French and German verse with prefaces in both languages? It is evidently a very old work.—BATH.

## NOTES FROM DUNBLANE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—By the Allan Water, undisturbed by the constant roar of trains crossing overhead, I saw the sand-pipers on the 13th inst. flying back and forth whistling melodiously. The martins, too, I saw on the 19th inst. alighting on the turf "corniche" which projects over the high sand-bank on the golf course, and darting from thence to their nesting-holes below. I saw them dip into the water for a sip and the drops fall glittering from their beaks. The redshanks are here in a marshy bit of ground, the white bands on their wings showing out well in the bright sunshine. All along the mossy dyke a flock of coalits are picking about, and blue-bonnets are fidgiting about a flowering elm. Where the railway line runs parallel with the water, a pair of grey wagtails are sitting quietly on a stone in mid-stream, and dippers almost without end are jerking out their wild songs. These birds pay no attention to the passing trains—one has just now thundered across the bridge; and a water-hen runs out on the shore, while a sand-piper, that has been doing a little "roading" by way of diversion, is curtsying on a stone. Close at my feet, where a tiny trickle of a feeder slips into Allan, the yellow mimulus has established itself. It carries me back to Glencoe, where I saw it first, and to Yarrow, where I saw it later. Here, too, is the wood starwort; surely near its northern limit. A great battalion of square-stemmed plants is approaching, either sweetly perfumed or noxious; an early forerunner,

the ground ivy, is laying down a lavender carpet and festooning old tree roots. Here, too, is the delicately-scented herald of the army of the umbels, the myrrh, spreading a sea of fern-like foliage, which is broken everywhere into a foam of white bloom.—E. M. J.

## MATHEMATICAL TILES.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Can you or any of your readers tell me during what extreme dates "Mathematical Tiles" were used in the building of houses? —ARTHUR W. RICKARDS.